STAIN

A Moral Blemish Upon the Honorable People of the Earth

ISSUE #16 • SOUTH PHILLY

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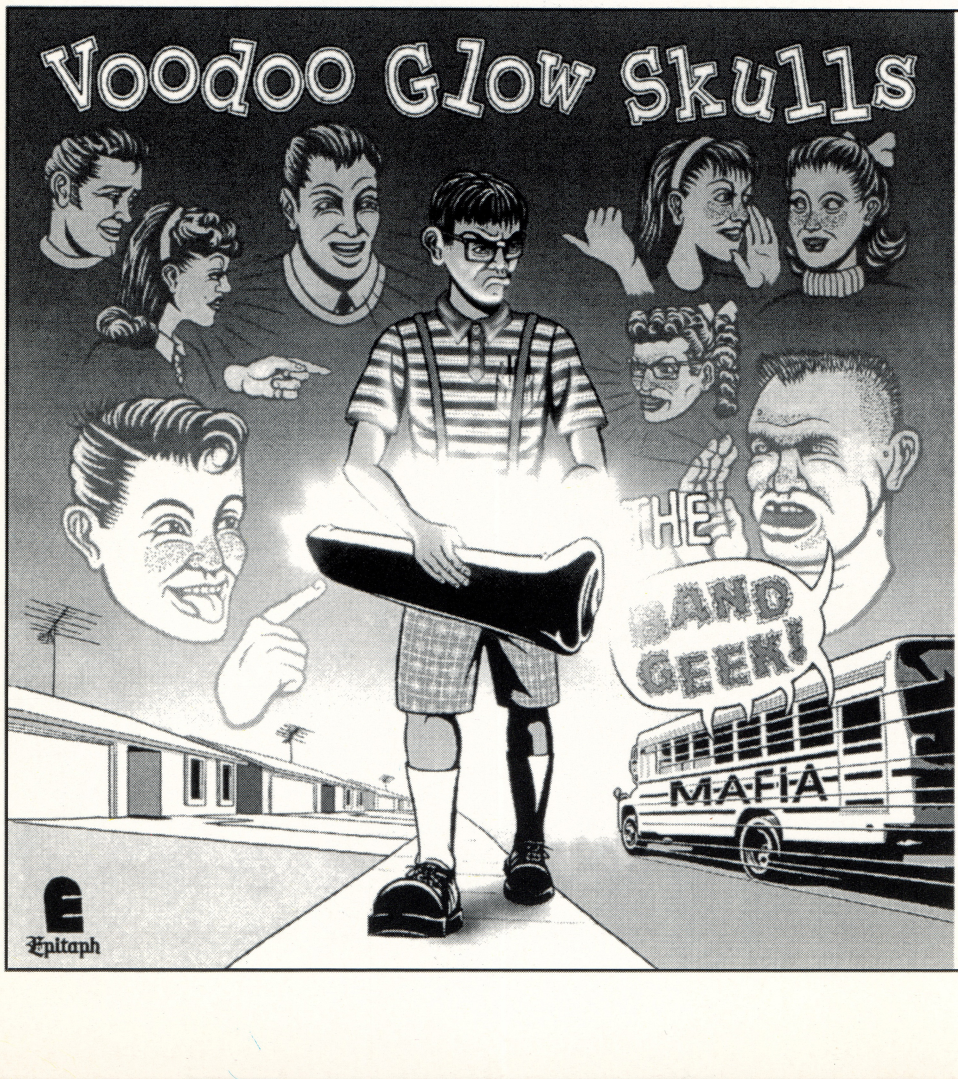
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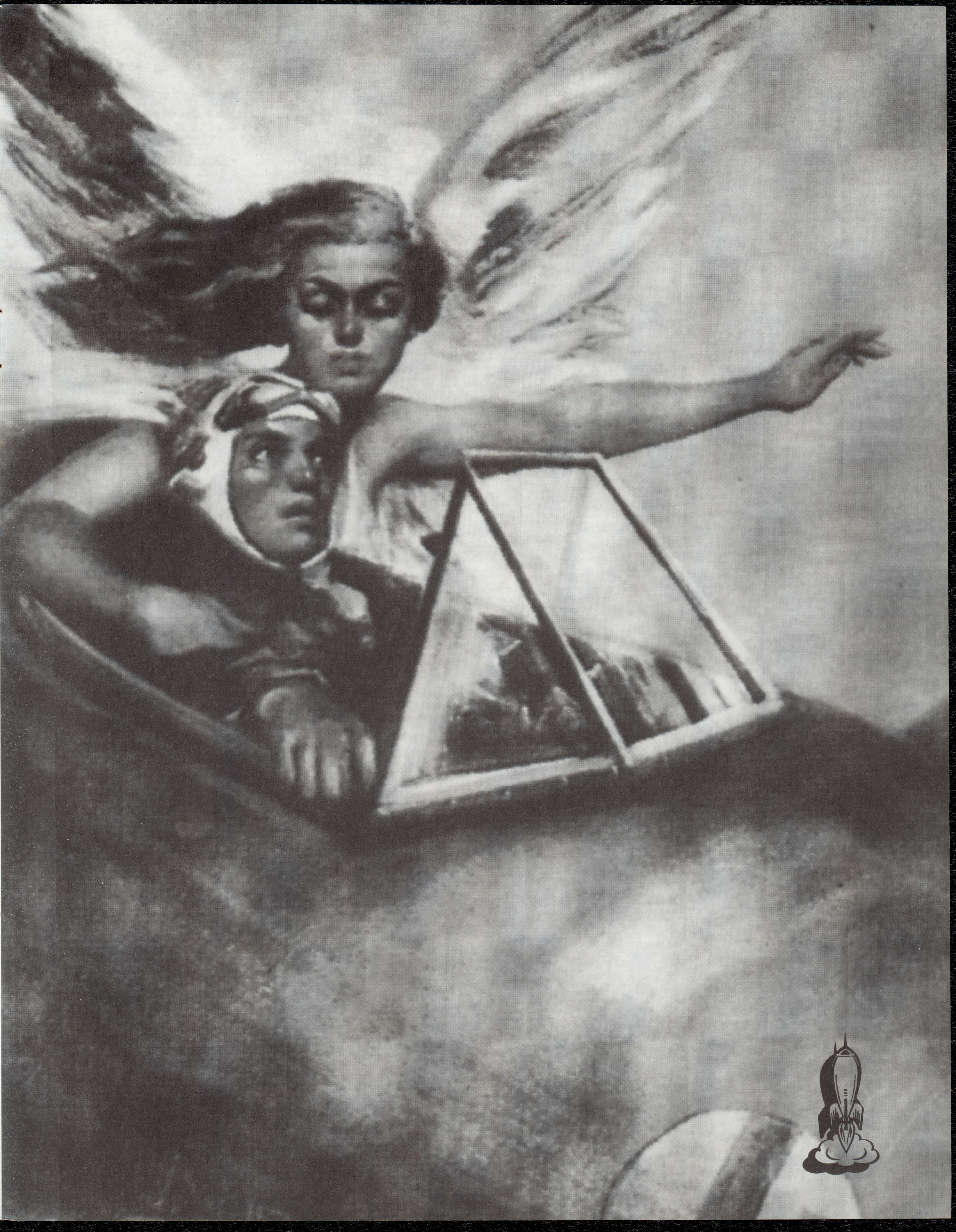

Should be quote of the year

This statement was made by Representative Dick Armey, who when asked if he were in the President's place, would he resign, responded:

"If I were in the President's place I would not get a chance to resign. I would be lying in a pool of my own blood hearing Mrs. Armey standing over me saying, 'How do I reload this damn thing?' "

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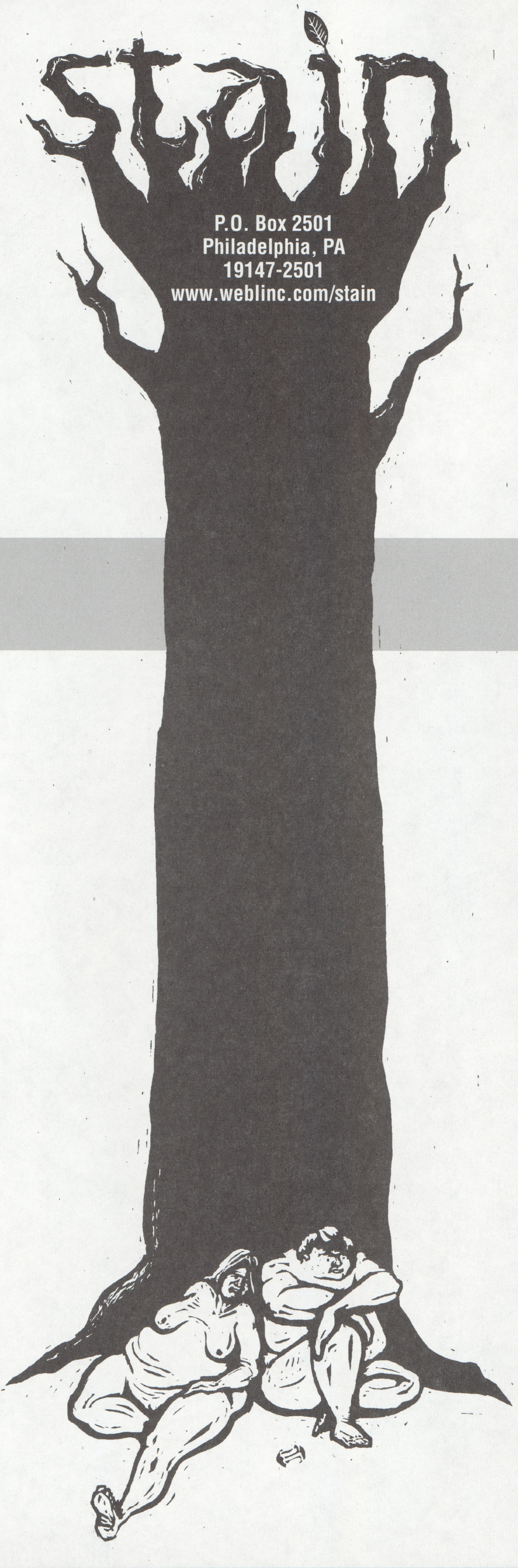

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Godco Industries, Inc

Mail *Box*

Stain or Steve Anderson

I read about *Stain* in Factsheet5. I'm a metal head, and most of the zines they review are punk rock. But I did notice yours and while I'm not interested in, or see the connection between the punk Mr. T Experience, the pop Marilyn Manson, and the rock Alice Cooper, I really want to read your interview with Michael Bruce. Regardless of what people assume because of Alice's stage theatrics, I think the original Alice Cooper group was really good musically.

Steve Straits
Huntsville, AL

HEY!

Stain was Godlike!

The Alice Cooper Band article was so cool. I always wondered what happened to the others. That photo was so great. The band in front of the Institute of Nude Wrestling or something like that. I love the old ABC stuff and I don't understand why Alice left them.

Thanks for writing about it and thanks for sending me issue 14.

I'm all locked up in the chain gang. It's crazy here like a bad Disneyland. I hate it.... but I love it.

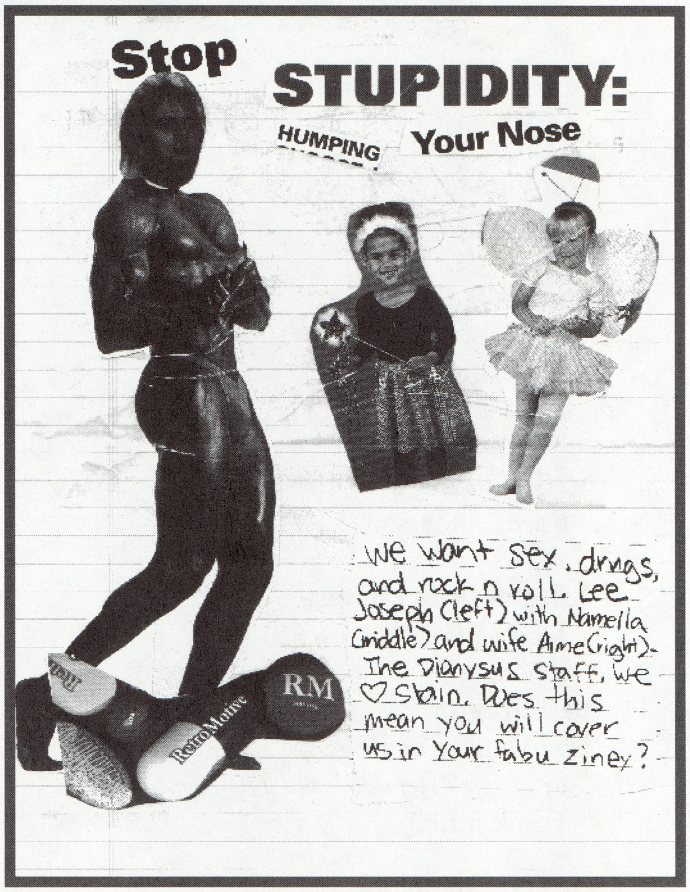
Please send me future issues. We don't have anything to read. Almost everyone here read it.

Thanks again,
Wish you were here,
Rob Reynolds
Hancock State Prison, GA

Stain

Hey, I'm Cameron's (Cameron Mitchell) grandson, and I just wanted to say I liked your fun profile on him. He really was a cool and trippy man, and I don't think I'll ever know half of the crazy shit he was up to.

Rob



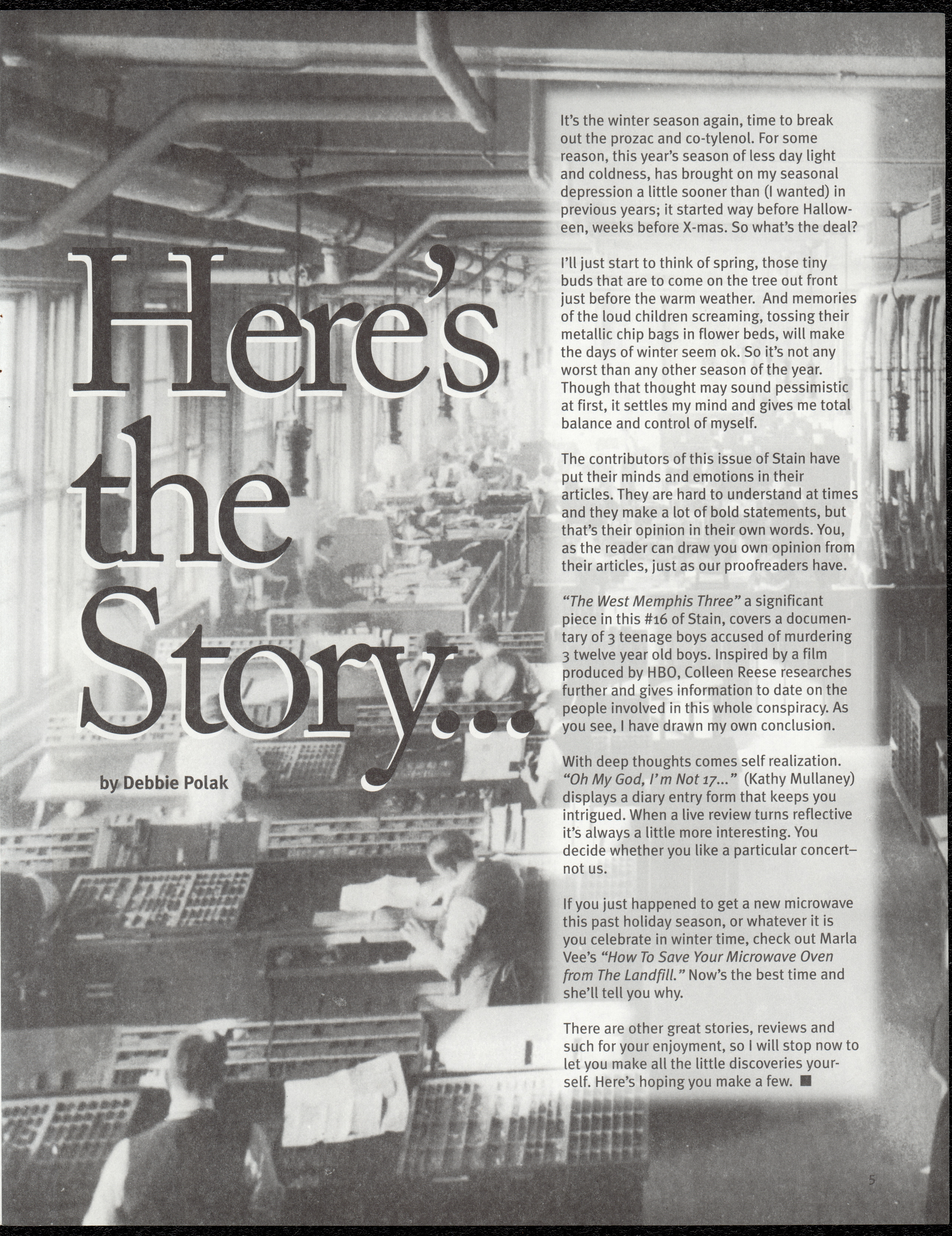
We want sex, drugs, and rock n roll. Lee Joseph (left) with Namella (middle) and wife Aime (right). The Dionysus staff, we ♡ Stain. Does this mean you will cover us in your fabu ziney?

AN OPEN LETTER TO FRED PHELPS:

After you die, I hope all the homosexuals visit your grave and fuck righteously on top of it. The kinkier the sex act, the better—with any luck perhaps your grave will become a "tenderloin" district, all right overtop of your maggot-ridden corpse. Or maybe when you're on your hospital deathbed, some thick-fisted orderly will creep in, in the dead of night and give your puckered little Sheriff's Badge a ride on the Tower of Power...man, I hope it puts a smile on your face. Ignorance has no excuse, and I bet the skeletons in your closet are far worse than that of any garden-variety gay boy or girl. Matthew Sheppard was a human being, like you or me. NO human being, regardless of who they choose to sleep with, deserves a lynch-styled bashing. Not even you. Nor do they deserve to be called out in death. Maybe one of these days, you'll picket the wrong funeral and feel the wrath of a frenzied mob, and then you'll have more in common with Matthew Sheppard than you'll have hoped for. Karmic irony is a bitch, isn't it? Maybe if more homosexuals were in charge of the world, things wouldn't be so bad. So repent your ignorance and take a cock in your mouth once in your life.

- Don't knock it 'til you've tried it!

Hopelessly hetero, I remain
THEE REVEREND SCAPEGOAT



Here's the Story...

by Debbie Polak

It's the winter season again, time to break out the prozac and co-tylenol. For some reason, this year's season of less day light and coldness, has brought on my seasonal depression a little sooner than (I wanted) in previous years; it started way before Halloween, weeks before X-mas. So what's the deal?

I'll just start to think of spring, those tiny buds that are to come on the tree out front just before the warm weather. And memories of the loud children screaming, tossing their metallic chip bags in flower beds, will make the days of winter seem ok. So it's not any worst than any other season of the year. Though that thought may sound pessimistic at first, it settles my mind and gives me total balance and control of myself.

The contributors of this issue of Stain have put their minds and emotions in their articles. They are hard to understand at times and they make a lot of bold statements, but that's their opinion in their own words. You, as the reader can draw you own opinion from their articles, just as our proofreaders have.

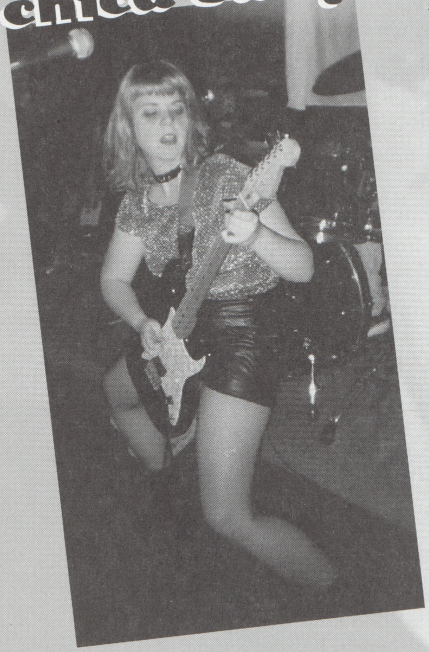
"The West Memphis Three" a significant piece in this #16 of Stain, covers a documentary of 3 teenage boys accused of murdering 3 twelve year old boys. Inspired by a film produced by HBO, Colleen Reese researches further and gives information to date on the people involved in this whole conspiracy. As you see, I have drawn my own conclusion.

With deep thoughts comes self realization. *"Oh My God, I'm Not 17..."* (Kathy Mullaney) displays a diary entry form that keeps you intrigued. When a live review turns reflective it's always a little more interesting. You decide whether you like a particular concert–not us.

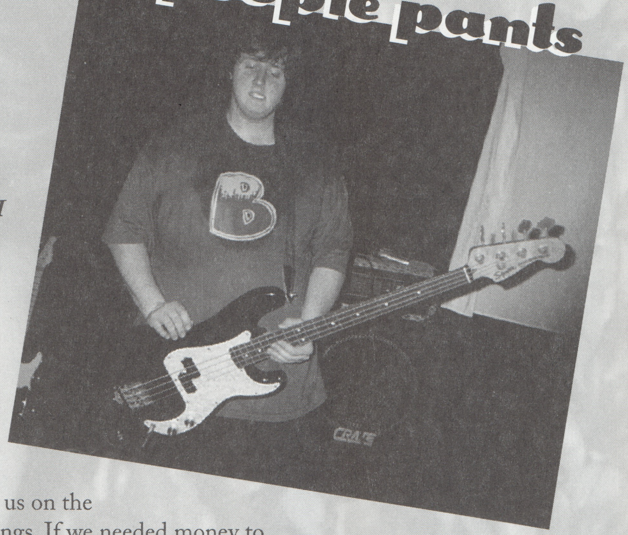
If you just happened to get a new microwave this past holiday season, or whatever it is you celebrate in winter time, check out Marla Vee's *"How To Save Your Microwave Oven from The Landfill."* Now's the best time and she'll tell you why.

There are other great stories, reviews and such for your enjoyment, so I will stop now to let you make all the little discoveries yourself. Here's hoping you make a few. ■

10 Questions with...



chica baby



poopie pants

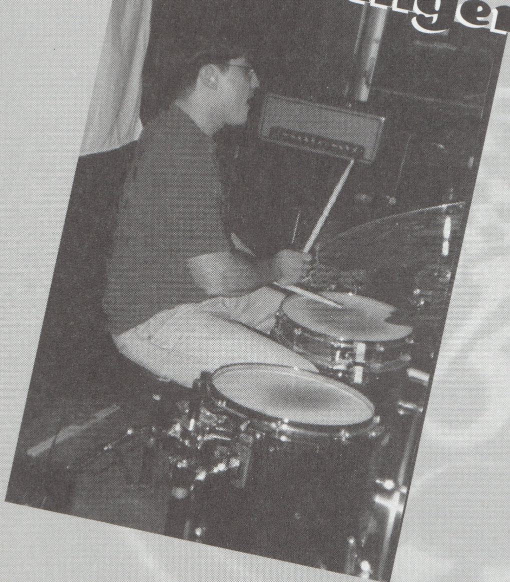
CB = Chica Baby
CF = Cheeto Finger
PP = Poopie Pants

1. ***Chica Baby, I realized, when I first heard your new cd, Liquor Pig, that I was not listening to novices. Recently, I discovered in Flipside magazine that you came from The Smears. How does being in The Beautys differ from being in The Smears?***

CB: I'd have to admit that each band had/has it's good and bad points. The Smears were awesome from a standpoint that we had a label that was wise enough to support us on the recording/distribution/tour side of things. If we needed money to get our van fixed, they'd send us a check and we could get rolling. Unfortunately, there were huge power struggles over almost every single issue that involved the band, and that just destroyed any of the fun. Touring, recording, even practicing became something to dread, kind of like the sensation of going to a job that you hate. The Beautys, on the other hand, have absolutely no label support but we all manage to have a good time musically. If it ever became all work and no play, I'd quit and get a real job.

2. ***How about some musical background from Cheeto and Poopie.***

CF: ROCK-N-ROLL!
PP: Up until my freshman year of high school, I was into bands like Poison, Motley Crüe and Metallica, then my friend played this band for me called The Ramones. After the first song, I was hooked, and I've been into punk rock ever since. I still listen to other stuff, just not quite as much.



cheeto finger

3. ***Are you guys good drunks? Bad drunks? How about pot?***

Halloween

CB: Myself? Hmmmmmm. When I drink whiskey, I'm the enemy of mankind, hater of all, foul mouthed cynic and lousy lay. When I drink beer, it's the milk of human kindness. I become the all forgiving, laughable, affable, happy gal, but I tend to forget my manners and your name. Oh yeah, whiskey makes me barf like crazy.
CF: I'm a damn good drunk, one of the few consistencies in

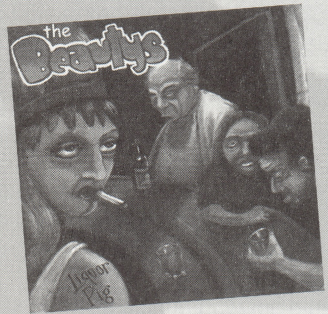
the Beautys

by Steve Anderson

my life. Bad drunk? I keep a strict routine... so.. well, no, I'm not bad.
PP: I'm a bad drunk that thinks I'm good and I'll tell you about it when I'm drunk!!! Man am I hungry!!!

4. ***I've heard that Beeb is your (The Beautys) own label. Is this your first attempt at a D.I.Y. label?***

CF: No.
CB: Well *Liquor Pig* is our first attempt at a cd release. We put out our first 7" called *Girl from Planet Fuck* on Beeb. Did you know that the titular head of the Beeb Recording Company is a cat? And boy does he run a tight ship! 'Chica, do you have those sales reports for July?' Pet my butt, damn you!!! We also have a 7" called *Sweetheart, Sweetheart* on House-O-Pain, and a split 7" on Whatelse? with a band called The Barnhills. All of these fine products are available thru our mail-order, hint hint.
PP: I had a label called Taco Cock which made one record that all but maybe 75 copies are sitting in storage right now.



5. ***I wasn't able to find much out about The Beautys on the net. In fact, while searching for Chica Baby, Yahoo turns up Chicago Babylon—closest I could get. Do you guys have a presence on the w.w.web? Any home pages to check out?***

CB: Well, we are trying to scrape together enough cash so we can register our domain name and to get an online host that doesn't make you put their stupid ads on their pages. Right now we have Geocities hosting our page, but the address is long and hairy. If you can't get through, E us and we'll send you the address.
thebeautys@hotmail.com

6. ***Do you want to tell us a little bit about your formative years?***

CB: Well, I spent the first 20 years of my life terrified to talk to anyone, which was no big deal because, for the most part, I lived in a shit hole cornfield surrounded by idiot inbreds. Then I decided to dedicate myself to rock. My life has changed!

7. ***I noticed a review of The Beautys in a recent issue of Noises From the Garage, when I recently met Brian (editor) at a party. He mentioned being friendly with your band. How do you know him?***

PP: I met him a couple of years back at a Slobs show in Fort Wayne. Then I was reintroduced to him at Sloppy-polooza where I offered to help out with his zine. 13 years later, we're still kicking his zine out.
CF: Brian's a great supporter of us and anything Garage, he's a great dude.
CB: I totally agree! He's always out there, pulling for good music!

8. ***Who illustrated your album cover? It appears to be the long lost art of pastel. It's nice, so's the jewelry box and extras.***

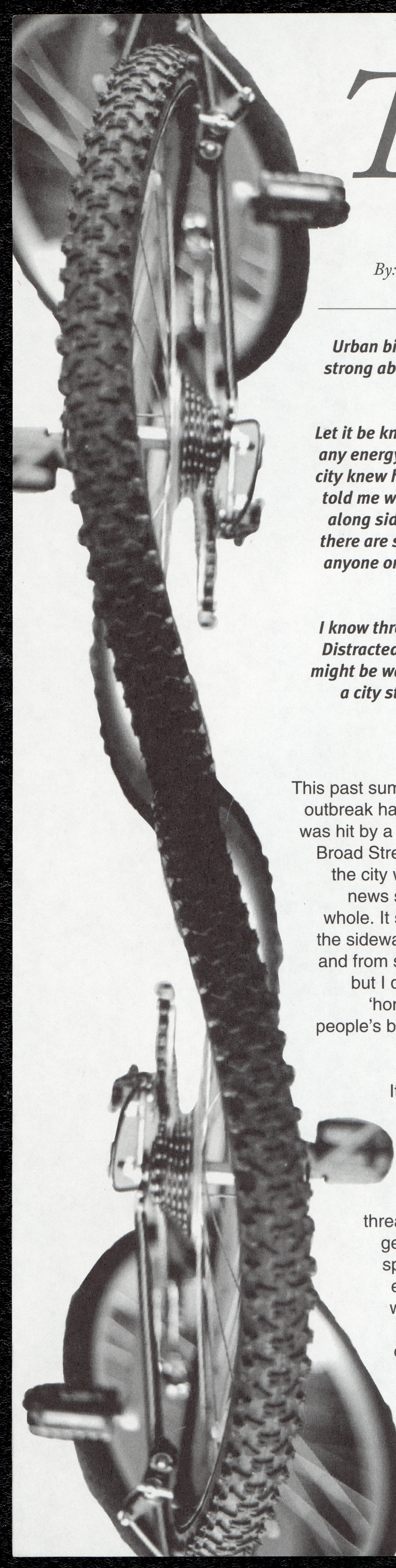
CB: I did! I did it and I'm glad. Hah hah hah hah hah hah h...... I was trying to set our cd aside from others by making our cover look like something other than the standard pop art style. I wanted it to tell the story of the songs on the cd. I'd like to think of people as looking at the picture on the front while they are listening to the music, and they could be imagining what could be happening in the scene. You know, like 'lo-tech interactive.' It's actually done in oil paint, but I used a lot of dry brush techniques to get the details like the hair and the shine on the glasses.
PP: Chica does all the artwork for the band and rightly so...

9. ***How ya getting along with your bosses?***

CB: I've quit or got fired from all my jobs where I hated my bosses. The porno store was the last one.
PP: My boss can suck a big, fat dick and choke on it! Other than that, he's alright 10% of the time.

10. ***Anything to add?***

CB: You'd do yourself a favor if you owned a pair of Beautys' panties! ■



Tales of URBAN BIKING

By: Debbie Polak

Urban bike riding: it wouldn't be the first time this subject was brought up in this magazine. I feel strong about this issue. There are so many positive results to gain from it, yet a large percentage of urban commuters feel bikes are a nuisance and dangerous to pedestrians.

Let it be known, I love to get around the city on a bike. It's quicker than a car, free, and requires hardly any energy. The city is so flat, you can coast for a few blocks in most directions. If only the rest of the city knew how easy it is, we could have a city like Amsterdam where everyone rides a bike. One friend told me what a great landscape of people you see; business men, mothers with their children riding along side, old people. She also said you've got to be careful crossing the street, they're crazy and there are so many of them. Common sense I say. I'm sure the bicyclists are careful not to collide with anyone or anything for that matter. They're still on a bike, why would they be careless about letting themselves get hurt in a collision, car or person?

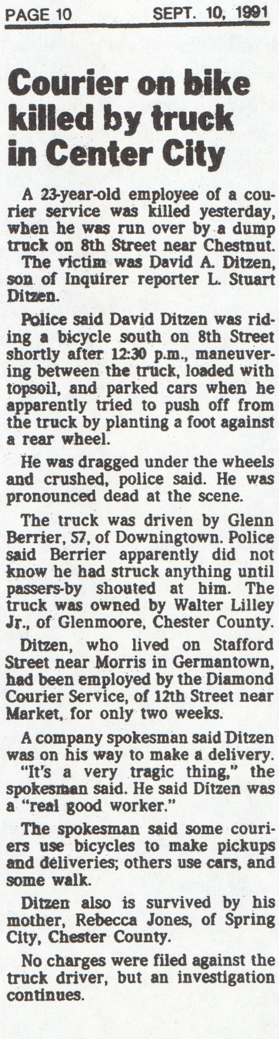
I know through my own experience, I'm more aware of where a person is than they know themselves. Distracted by portable phones, stopping dead in your path to dig in a purse, totally oblivious to who might be walking up behind them as they jerk back in their stance, these are little curve balls I face on a city street or sidewalk. But it keeps my reflexes sharp for the more threatening obstacles like careless trucks, buses, and SUVs.

This past summer I was faced with a careless driver. I was furious when this outbreak happened because it was just a few weeks after my hubby Steve was hit by a car while traveling on one of the widest streets in Philadelphia, Broad Street –there are no bike lanes on Broad Street. At the same time, the city was enforcing a law to keep bicyclist off the sidewalk. The local news stations reported the details of the law, but only a portion of the whole. It seems in combination with keeping bikes on the streets and off the sidewalks, the law would also keep homeless people off the sidewalk and from sleeping on sidewalk benches. Your basic loitering crack down, but I don't see how the two relate. The news seemed to focus on the 'homeless' issue, trying not to inform the city bikers. This is a lot of people's bread and butter, with all the courier companies and businesses who need them.

It was obvious the city did not want much attention drawn to the particulars of the law. The news knew this because of an adamant bike alliance, B.A.M. (Bicycle Action Movement) that caught their concern in the past (see Fig 1). Granted B.A.M. might have held the city workers up from getting home to their families 45 minutes outside of the city, but were they threatening the commuters in any terrible way? They were trying to get a point across–across to a lot of people. How else could they speak to a market that spans as far as Kmart's does; young, old, every class, every race, stupid, smart, male, female. I thought it was clever. They said the bikers irritated pedestrians, why? The bikers were on the street. As time went on, the newspaper continued to scribble tiny fillers, giving pedestrians tips on how to sabotage a bicyclist with your umbrella; however as of this time, bicycle riding is allowed on some of the streets the B.A.M.s were 'fighting' for.

When I was faced with a careless driver, I was fortunate in that I wasn't hit. While traveling in my neighborhood, a

Fig. 2



PAGE 10 SEPT. 10, 1991

Courier on bike killed by truck in Center City

A 23-year-old employee of a courier service was killed yesterday, when he was run over by a dump truck on 8th Street near Chestnut.

The victim was David A. Ditzen, son of Inquirer reporter L. Stuart Ditzen.

Police said David Ditzen was riding a bicycle south on 8th Street shortly after 12:30 p.m., maneuvering between the truck, loaded with topsoil, and parked cars when he apparently tried to push off from the truck by planting a foot against a rear wheel.

He was dragged under the wheels and crushed, police said. He was pronounced dead at the scene.

The truck was driven by Glenn Berrier, 57, of Downingtown. Police said Berrier apparently did not know he had struck anything until passers-by shouted at him. The truck was owned by Walter Lilley Jr., of Glenmoore, Chester County.

Ditzen, who lived on Stafford Street near Morris in Germantown, had been employed by the Diamond Courier Service, of 12th Street near Market, for only two weeks.

A company spokesman said Ditzen was on his way to make a delivery.

"It's a very tragic thing," the spokesman said. He said Ditzen was a "real good worker."

The spokesman said some couriers use bicycles to make pickups and deliveries; others use cars, and some walk.

Ditzen also is survived by his mother, Rebecca Jones, of Spring City, Chester County.

No charges were filed against the truck driver, but an investigation continues.

sort of boutique district, a woman in an SUV sped up ahead of me, with one hand on the steering wheel and one holding a cell phone to her head. Without any turn signal she made a right turn into my path, totally preoccupied and about to knock me over. I hit her behemoth with my hand and she stopped dead, as I expected. She came out yelling at me, asking 'what the fuck do I think I was doing'.

I said, "You almost killed me!"

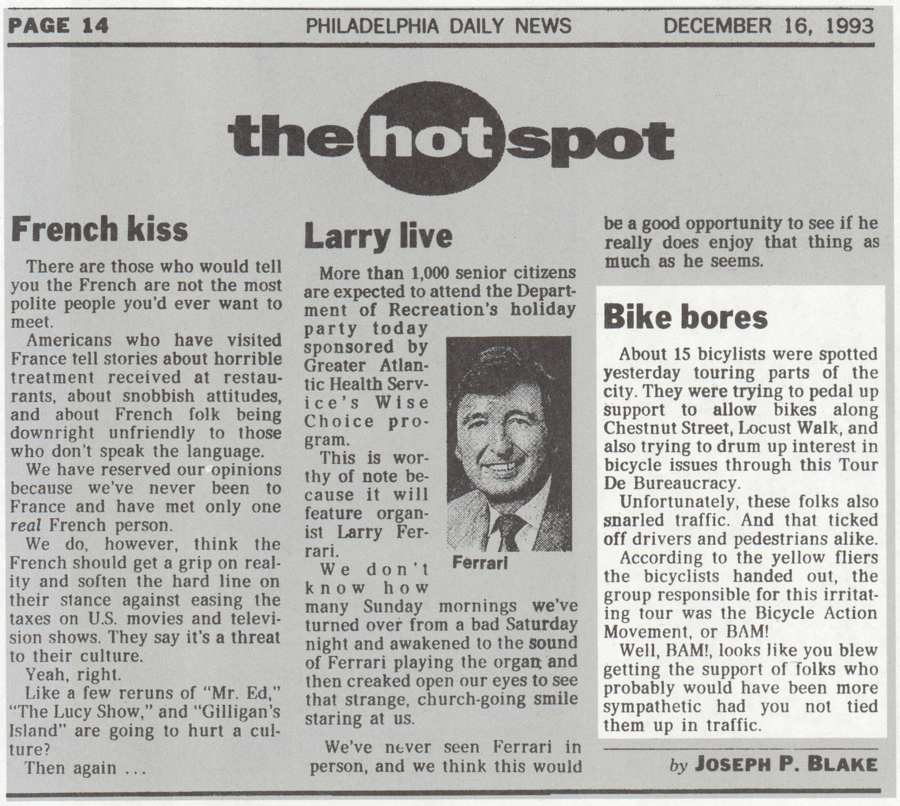
She grabbed my arm and yelled, "Get off your bike. Come on. Go ahead, hit me." God knows I wanted knock the chubby, spandex-wearing, bushy haired priss down, but she was holding up traffic on the busy street and I was meeting Steve for lunch. I hardly flinched as she cackled at me, shocked that an imbecile like this was driving, or existed for that matter. A couple guys with their bikes just stared with dropped jaws (literally),waiting for the fight to start. She lurched forward over my front tire and spit in my face, then cowardly stepped back to yell some more. My sunglasses got the brunt of her saliva, but I still didn't move or give her the satisfaction of wiping it off, as I worked up a good one for her. I let it fly with guttural force, a good 3 to 4 feet landing smack dab in her face. She wasn't wearing sunglasses and was much more upset. I was smiling inside. The whole thing ended when I became bored with her, called her a 'fat ass' and road off to meet Steve. She was still yelling at me saying she wasn't fat, she only weighs... Now I'm no Twiggy, but I thought of it first. For a girl, that's hitting below the belt.

When things like this happen I forever think of one incident so terrible and real (Fig 2.) I will never forget it and think of it on a regular basis ever since it happened; about 2 years before BAM made their statement. I was taking my week vacation from work and was spending it in the city. It was a bright, sunny day. Steve and I got the bikes out for a hike around town, some lunch and park hopping. Coming down 8th Street, I noticed a bike courier about 100 feet ahead of us. He had a package in one arm and was steering with the other.

He was trying to maneuver between the parked cars to his right and a double-wheeled dump truck driving down 8th street.

As I pedaled behind him, I remember seeing him start to loose his balance and reach out to grab the truck. He slide under the truck, between the front and back tires. I instinctively gasped, "Oh my god," as he disappeared under the truck. I jumped off my bike. I held my breath hoping to see him stand up and brush himself off, but I knew there was no way. He was dead. Steve ran over to help him, but I couldn't even look in his direction. I kept my back turned so hard to the scene, you'd think it was the burning of Sodom and Gomorrah. Steve equivocally walked back to me and told me his head was crushed. He said he could see the courier's face and last expression, only it was flat as if it were boneless. He mentioned the young man's razor stubble and how young he looked, a deep impression he still mentions when reminded of the incident. A man from a nearby restaurant ran out with a tablecloth to cover the boy just as an unseen pedestrian left out a blood curdling scream. We walked for a few blocks in silence. We came upon a park and found a spot in the sun. I asked Steve what ever possessed him to run over to help that boy, he was obviously dead. He said he didn't think it could be so final. Not too many people do. ■

Fig. 1



PAGE 14 PHILADELPHIA DAILY NEWS DECEMBER 16, 1993

thehotspot

French kiss

There are those who would tell you the French are not the most polite people you'd ever want to meet.

Americans who have visited France tell stories about horrible treatment received at restaurants, about snobbish attitudes, and about French folk being downright unfriendly to those who don't speak the language.

We have reserved our opinions because we've never been to France and have met only one *real* French person.

We do, however, think the French should get a grip on reality and soften the hard line on their stance against easing the taxes on U.S. movies and television shows. They say it's a threat to their culture.

Yeah, right.

Like a few reruns of "Mr. Ed," "The Lucy Show," and "Gilligan's Island" are going to hurt a culture?

Then again ...

Larry live

More than 1,000 senior citizens are expected to attend the Department of Recreation's holiday party today sponsored by Greater Atlantic Health Service's Wise Choice program.

This is worthy of note because it will feature organist Larry Ferrari.

Ferrari

We don't know how many Sunday mornings we've turned over from a bad Saturday night and awakened to the sound of Ferrari playing the organ and then creaked open our eyes to see that strange, church-going smile staring at us.

We've never seen Ferrari in person, and we think this would be a good opportunity to see if he really does enjoy that thing as much as he seems.

Bike bores

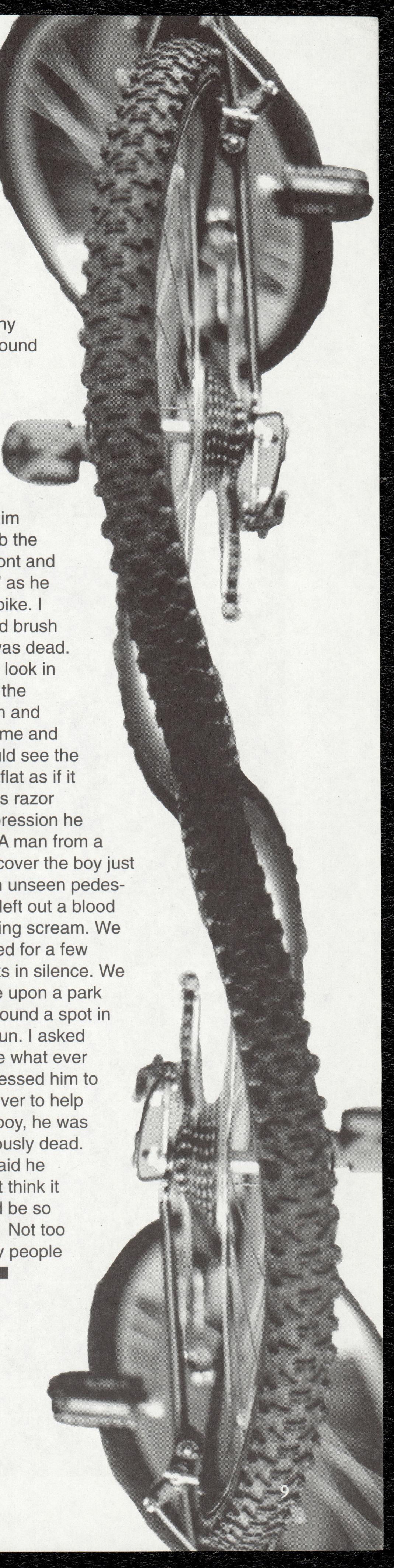
About 15 bicylists were spotted yesterday touring parts of the city. They were trying to pedal up support to allow bikes along Chestnut Street, Locust Walk, and also trying to drum up interest in bicycle issues through this Tour De Bureaucracy.

Unfortunately, these folks also snarled traffic. And that ticked off drivers and pedestrians alike.

According to the yellow fliers the bicyclists handed out, the group responsible for this irritating tour was the Bicycle Action Movement, or BAM!

Well, BAM!, looks like you blew getting the support of folks who probably would have been more sympathetic had you not tied them up in traffic.

by **JOSEPH P. BLAKE**



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(see details on page 50)

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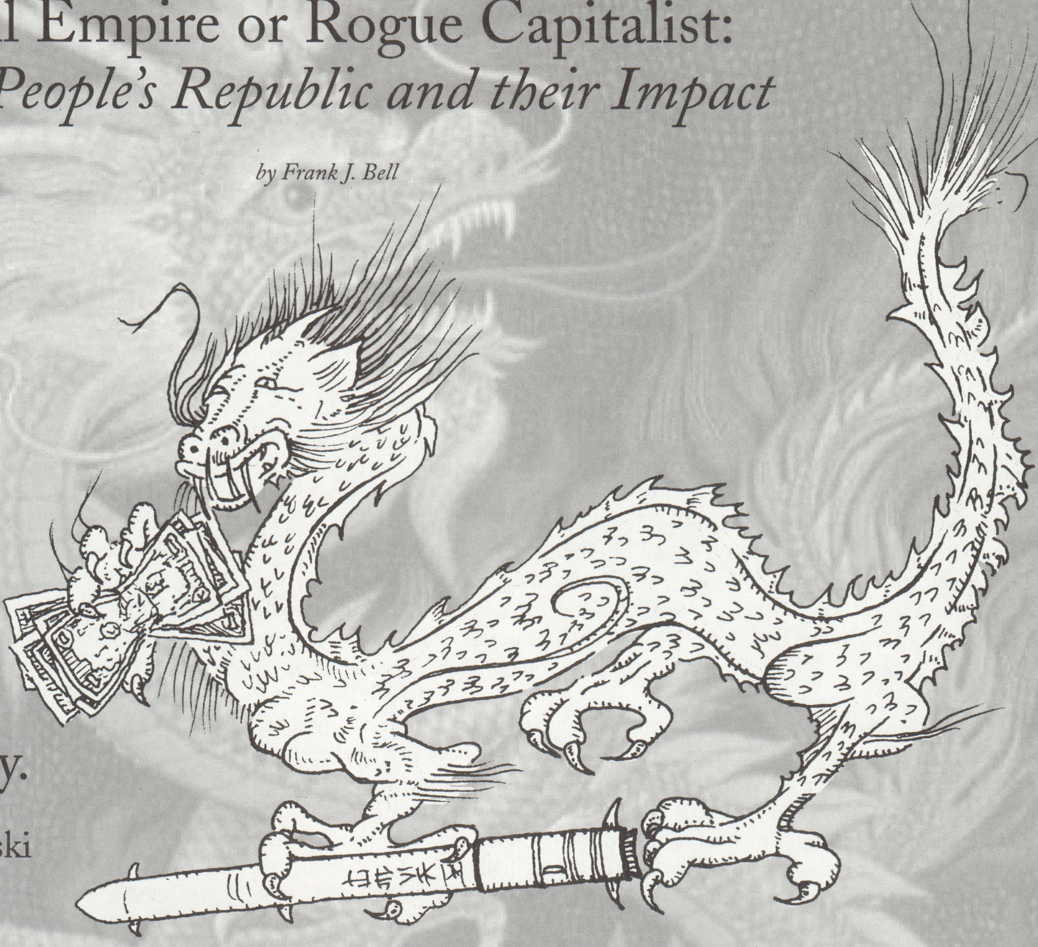
Red Dragon

Evil Empire or Rogue Capitalist: *The People's Republic and their Impact*

by Frank J. Bell



Conspiracy.

Monica Lewinski was crying.

The scene was playing out on the many screens in the Stain newsroom. Photo-op Monica.. boo hoo hooing.. The President of the United States.. "No comment.." Freakish looking medical examiners talking about the fine points of resurrecting phantom semenal fluid off of a suspicious cardigan sweater.

Just another pony in the circus that had become Bill Clinton's second term. You could watch it with the sound off. The other "journalists" and myself betting on book advance fees and the time from accusation to the first make over.

It is in times like this that the little things get to you.

Nope, the carnality of William was not in question, nor the lack of a credible American media.

No, the micro spotlight was shining on the senator from Tennessee, Fred Thompson, actor/politician, and at that point one shocked son of a bitch.

The topic, for those of you out of the know, was China.

I rolled with the tape and took in the tale. If this young reporter didn't know better, Senator Thompson could have been reading out of the next script for a Tom Clancy movie.

Lies, Deceit, Unmarked Cash, Counter Intelligence.

The buying of the Democratic Party. And right there in the center.

China.

The Tale of the Tape

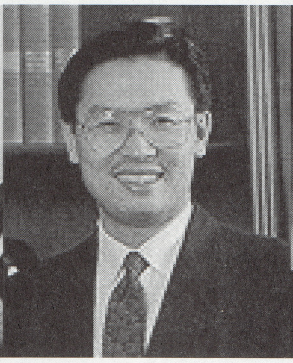
The skinny from the New York Times was that in 1996, Johnny Chung, a fund raiser for the Democrats contributed $300,000 on behalf of the Chinese intelligence community, to the Democratic National Committee.

But that's not all!

The handsome man from Tennessee went on to talk in an article in *National Review* that "Information surfaced about ties to the People's Republic of several prominent D.N.C. fundraiser—Maria Hsia, Ted Sioeng, John Huang, Mochtar and James Riady and Charlie Trie." The most precise information concerned Ted Sioeng (contributor of $400,000 to the D.N.C.) and Maria Hsia (who helped organize the April 1996 Hsi Lai Temple fund raiser, attended by no other than Vice President Al Gore!). Hsia had been classified, by our intelligence agencies, as clandestine agent of the People's Republic. Sioeng as a longtime worker on behalf of the Chinese government, reporting directly to Communist officials in Peking. "All these individuals haven taken the Fifth Amendment, fled the country, or both." After having funneled an estimated $4.5 million into the Democratic National Committee!

The goal of our industrious little comrades?

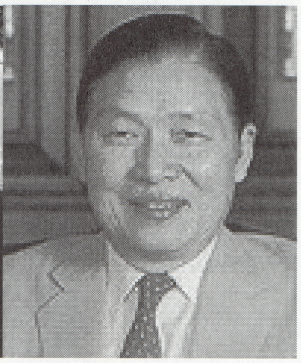
Maria Hsia



James Riady

Charlie Trie

John Huang



Mochtar Riady

The 1996 United States Congressional Elections.

"Our investigation suggests it affected the 1996 presidential race and the state elections as well." -Fred Thompson

So, tender reader, why is it that a bombshell of this proportion, with such far reaching implications, was allowed to die a stonewalled death while Americans put up the old hue and cry over the sexual predilections of our Executive Branch?

Since when does our conspiracy happy media walk away from such a tasty thing as secret agents, bags of cash and the buying of the U.S. government? Granted it has been done before, but I would wager this to be the first time that we have had such a direct and single minded intelligence operation run on us since the good ol' Cold War days. And even then Ivan would not have been met with the open arms and glad handing that was shown to our friends from Beijing.

Who are these people and what do they want? The Hammer of Mao.

Curiouser and curiouser..

Thompson's probe has since brought up no new information. The democrats, in true bi-partisan co-operation, helped turn the useful gathering of information into a three ring screaming match, and brought about the successful muzzling of the F.B.I. by that most efficient of fixers, Janet Reno.

However, it takes a lot to keep a good story down, and sure enough, Bill Gertz comes up with a fine ghost story for the Washington Times. The topic?
American corporations blatantly violate National Security guidelines and exported technology to the Chinese that allowed them to perfect their Long March 2C rockets.

The short tale is that a number of corporations (Hughes, Loral, Motorola, Lockheed Martin) have been using the unreliable rockets to orbit their satellites (at an average cost of $60 million versus the $100 million that a U.S. launch would have cost). The problem was that they had the occasion to explode. And as we all know.. explode is bad.. especially bad when there is a $200 million iridium satellite on top (better call Geico!). So, the ingenious Americans, in their own inimical style, took it on their own to not only determine the flaws in the system, but send the Chinese the where-with-all to correct the rocket's problem.

Small problem; the violation of any number of national security laws and guidelines. The other? The P.R.C. now has a most functional and reliable Intercontinental Ballistic Missile (I.C.B.M.). And yes, at last count 13 of China's 18 I.C.B.M.s had the good ol' U.S.A. painted on the nose cone. (Isn't sharing wonderful?)

But wait! There's more!

Senator Fred Thompson

From the men that brought you nuclear winter and all that great vodka—the Russians!—come additional weapons for the Chinese arsenal. The SS-n-22 anti-ship missile, the 53-65KE wake homing torpedo and the possibility of some fast attack submarines, mostly diesel, and the renewing threat of a few nuclear boats..
From Russia with Love!

The waking giant..

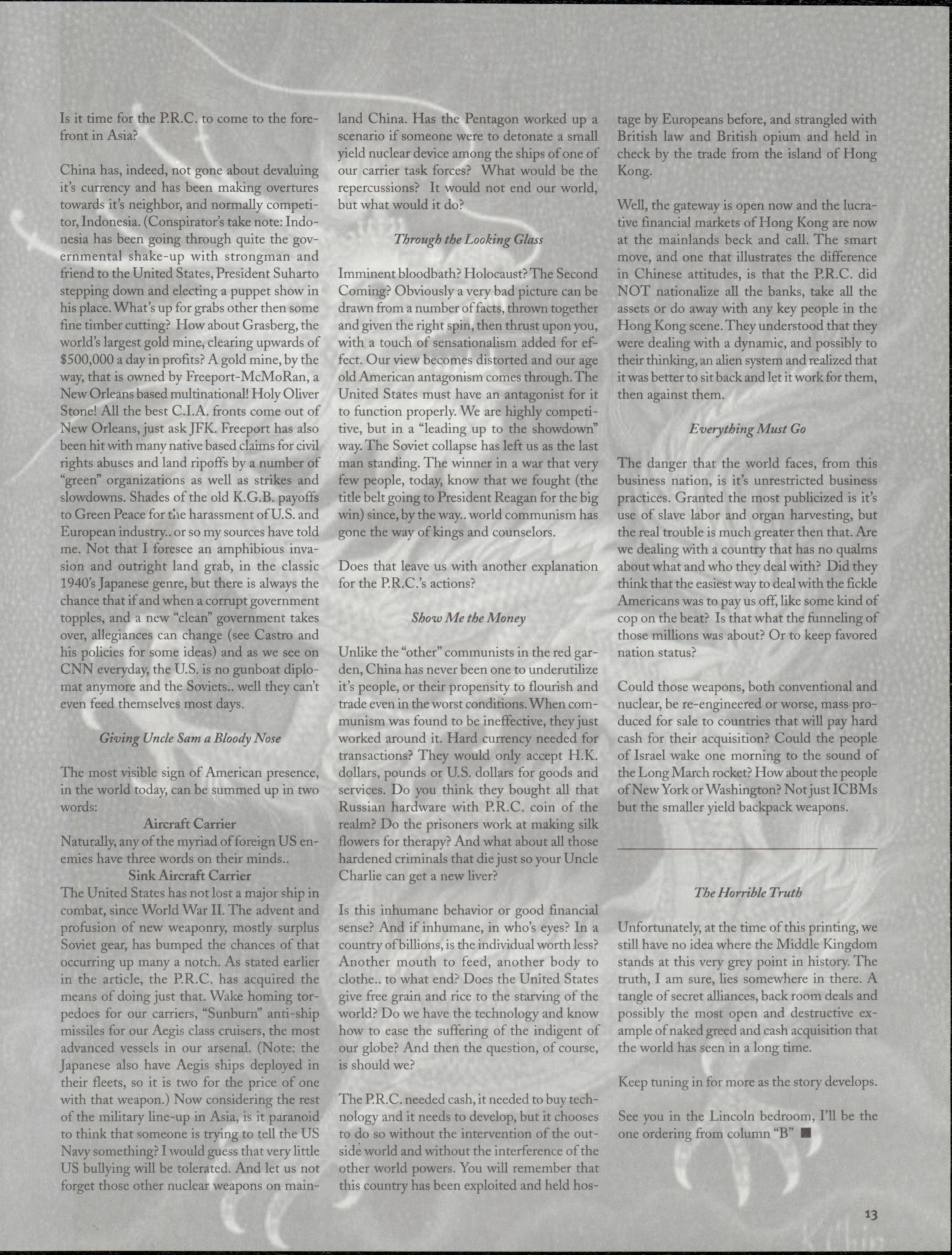
The P.R.C. has been shown, recently, as being a most backward and conflicting of countries; forced abortion, population control, slave labor, mandatory organ donation... a real big brother situation. Does this mean that they are a nation of third world thugs and coolies, as portrayed in the horrible films of Mr. Gere and Scorcese? Do they have nothing better to do than wander through Tibet and enforce the cultural revolution?
Far from it.

For the press to understate the implications of the recent advances in the P.R.C.s military stance, they are sadly mistaken. Nuclear Weapons may be one thing. In this "new world order" of ours the development and subsequent testing of a nuclear weapon is a right of passage into the "big boys club" making you a country to be taken seriously. Included in being taken seriously is the ability to project influence and help to "guide" smaller nearby countries into your way of thinking.

Their Own Private Idaho

Much as we have all grown to love the nuclear weapons *all* around us, they have grown to be the weapons we love to hate. The problem is that with the use of said weapons, there must be an equal or more brutal retaliation, I believe we used to call it the M.A.D. (Mutually Assured Destruction) policy or, to the layman "the End of the World." And this policy worked just fine when it was just us and Ivan out there, but what is our policy about other countries using them on third parties? Would the American public want us to jeopardize New York City in a dispute between Pakistan and India? These little loopholes have left a number of our smaller arsenaled "nuclear family" with a number of worst case, and end run scenarios involving limited nuclear and bio war strikes on one another.

With the advent of it's now functional I.C.B.M. system, and it's massive land forces, the P.R.C. has come into it's own and can now go about policy in the Pacific. Taiwan is still on the list of things to do, as is the ethnic parts of the former U.S.S.R. North Korea is dying a slow death and the rest of the Asian financial juggernaut has slowed to a sluggish 5% growth this year.



Is it time for the P.R.C. to come to the forefront in Asia?

China has, indeed, not gone about devaluing it's currency and has been making overtures towards it's neighbor, and normally competitor, Indonesia. (Conspirator's take note: Indonesia has been going through quite the governmental shake-up with strongman and friend to the United States, President Suharto stepping down and electing a puppet show in his place. What's up for grabs other then some fine timber cutting? How about Grasberg, the world's largest gold mine, clearing upwards of $500,000 a day in profits? A gold mine, by the way, that is owned by Freeport-McMoRan, a New Orleans based multinational! Holy Oliver Stone! All the best C.I.A. fronts come out of New Orleans, just ask JFK. Freeport has also been hit with many native based claims for civil rights abuses and land ripoffs by a number of "green" organizations as well as strikes and slowdowns. Shades of the old K.G.B. payoffs to Green Peace for the harassment of U.S. and European industry.. or so my sources have told me. Not that I foresee an amphibious invasion and outright land grab, in the classic 1940's Japanese genre, but there is always the chance that if and when a corrupt government topples, and a new "clean" government takes over, allegiances can change (see Castro and his policies for some ideas) and as we see on CNN everyday, the U.S. is no gunboat diplomat anymore and the Soviets.. well they can't even feed themselves most days.

Giving Uncle Sam a Bloody Nose

The most visible sign of American presence, in the world today, can be summed up in two words:

Aircraft Carrier

Naturally, any of the myriad of foreign US enemies have three words on their minds..

Sink Aircraft Carrier

The United States has not lost a major ship in combat, since World War II. The advent and profusion of new weaponry, mostly surplus Soviet gear, has bumped the chances of that occurring up many a notch. As stated earlier in the article, the P.R.C. has acquired the means of doing just that. Wake homing torpedoes for our carriers, "Sunburn" anti-ship missiles for our Aegis class cruisers, the most advanced vessels in our arsenal. (Note: the Japanese also have Aegis ships deployed in their fleets, so it is two for the price of one with that weapon.) Now considering the rest of the military line-up in Asia, is it paranoid to think that someone is trying to tell the US Navy something? I would guess that very little US bullying will be tolerated. And let us not forget those other nuclear weapons on mainland China. Has the Pentagon worked up a scenario if someone were to detonate a small yield nuclear device among the ships of one of our carrier task forces? What would be the repercussions? It would not end our world, but what would it do?

Through the Looking Glass

Imminent bloodbath? Holocaust? The Second Coming? Obviously a very bad picture can be drawn from a number of facts, thrown together and given the right spin, then thrust upon you, with a touch of sensationalism added for effect. Our view becomes distorted and our age old American antagonism comes through. The United States must have an antagonist for it to function properly. We are highly competitive, but in a "leading up to the showdown" way. The Soviet collapse has left us as the last man standing. The winner in a war that very few people, today, know that we fought (the title belt going to President Reagan for the big win) since, by the way.. world communism has gone the way of kings and counselors.

Does that leave us with another explanation for the P.R.C.'s actions?

Show Me the Money

Unlike the "other" communists in the red garden, China has never been one to underutilize it's people, or their propensity to flourish and trade even in the worst conditions. When communism was found to be ineffective, they just worked around it. Hard currency needed for transactions? They would only accept H.K. dollars, pounds or U.S. dollars for goods and services. Do you think they bought all that Russian hardware with P.R.C. coin of the realm? Do the prisoners work at making silk flowers for therapy? And what about all those hardened criminals that die just so your Uncle Charlie can get a new liver?

Is this inhumane behavior or good financial sense? And if inhumane, in who's eyes? In a country of billions, is the individual worth less? Another mouth to feed, another body to clothe.. to what end? Does the United States give free grain and rice to the starving of the world? Do we have the technology and know how to ease the suffering of the indigent of our globe? And then the question, of course, is should we?

The P.R.C. needed cash, it needed to buy technology and it needs to develop, but it chooses to do so without the intervention of the outside world and without the interference of the other world powers. You will remember that this country has been exploited and held hostage by Europeans before, and strangled with British law and British opium and held in check by the trade from the island of Hong Kong.

Well, the gateway is open now and the lucrative financial markets of Hong Kong are now at the mainlands beck and call. The smart move, and one that illustrates the difference in Chinese attitudes, is that the P.R.C. did NOT nationalize all the banks, take all the assets or do away with any key people in the Hong Kong scene. They understood that they were dealing with a dynamic, and possibly to their thinking, an alien system and realized that it was better to sit back and let it work for them, then against them.

Everything Must Go

The danger that the world faces, from this business nation, is it's unrestricted business practices. Granted the most publicized is it's use of slave labor and organ harvesting, but the real trouble is much greater then that. Are we dealing with a country that has no qualms about what and who they deal with? Did they think that the easiest way to deal with the fickle Americans was to pay us off, like some kind of cop on the beat? Is that what the funneling of those millions was about? Or to keep favored nation status?

Could those weapons, both conventional and nuclear, be re-engineered or worse, mass produced for sale to countries that will pay hard cash for their acquisition? Could the people of Israel wake one morning to the sound of the Long March rocket? How about the people of New York or Washington? Not just ICBMs but the smaller yield backpack weapons.

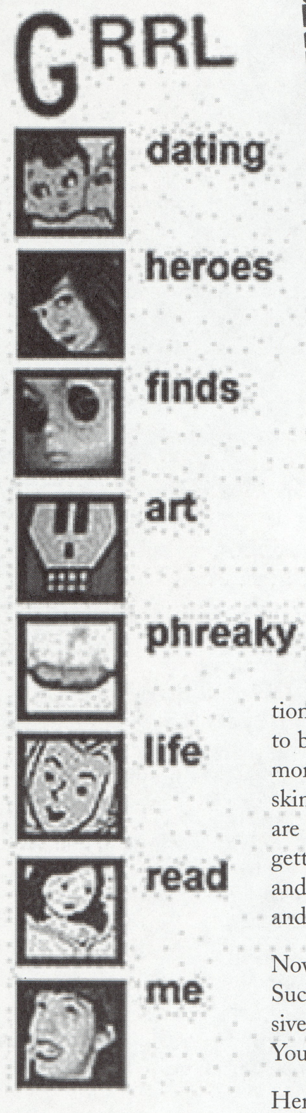
The Horrible Truth

Unfortunately, at the time of this printing, we still have no idea where the Middle Kingdom stands at this very grey point in history. The truth, I am sure, lies somewhere in there. A tangle of secret alliances, back room deals and possibly the most open and destructive example of naked greed and cash acquisition that the world has seen in a long time.

Keep tuning in for more as the story develops.

See you in the Lincoln bedroom, I'll be the one ordering from column "B" ■

A NEW REGU



our debut, the fun www.grrl.com

so here we go—

the first of a new column in stain. yeah!
it's gonna be soooo fun, and informative
and oh so good for you!

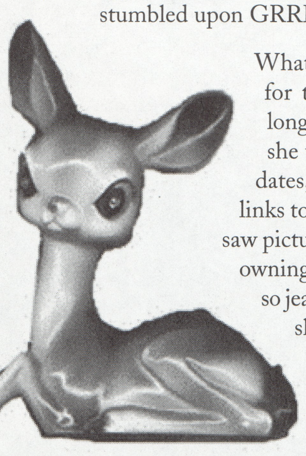
This intro is being written while sitting on the beach of Long Beach Island, NJ. My favorite place to be. It's late September—not too many humans around (a few old ladies to my left). Maybe I'll just crank up The Dolls and make 'em leave, eh? Now that wouldn't be nice. Who knows, maybe they'd like them! This is the most beautiful beach time of the year, not to mention the 50% sales at all the surf shops! Cool clothes for all to be had—cheap!!! I don't even care about a tan anymore, the hairs gettin' dyed black again and the white skin is returning. All visions of health and sunshine are about to sleep for the winter, damnit I'm even getting a cold. But on the bright side, leather boots and jackets are waking up after their winter slumber, and boy do they smell good.

Now the interesting part! Bonnie Burton. Such a cutie! Such motivation and drive in a woman, it's quite impressive, and enough of an inspiration to start this column. You rule GRRL!

Her claim to fame (which she is pursuing—fame that is) is her award winning web-site www.grrl.com. (But please beware the Courtney Love syndrome Bonnie, we don't want to see you borrowing Sharon Stone's dresses for the Oscars or anything! But you're way too cool in my eyes for that grrl!)

One late Friday night when I didn't feel like staring at the TV tube any longer, I decided to stare at my computer monitor instead. (The pathetic need for visual stimulation is frightening!) While looking up a site for John Fluevog shoes (why not?) I stumbled upon GRRL. No idea how exactly, it was destiny!

What I found entertained and delighted me for two hours. I could have stayed on-line longer, but my poor eyeballs hurt. Such fun—she writes and posts everything from horror dates, to cool reads, to comics, drink recipes, links to other cool sites and best of all, old toys! I saw pictures of toys on her site that I dreamed about owning, but never got as a kid. She owns them, I'm so jealous. I think she may be addicted to ebay, where she buys them from weekly over the web. They auction old toys for cheap, including those frighteningly cute big eyed dollies, appearing live here. I want one real bad.



I picked up this guys' cousin/brother? at a flea market for 50 cents after seeing him on grrl!

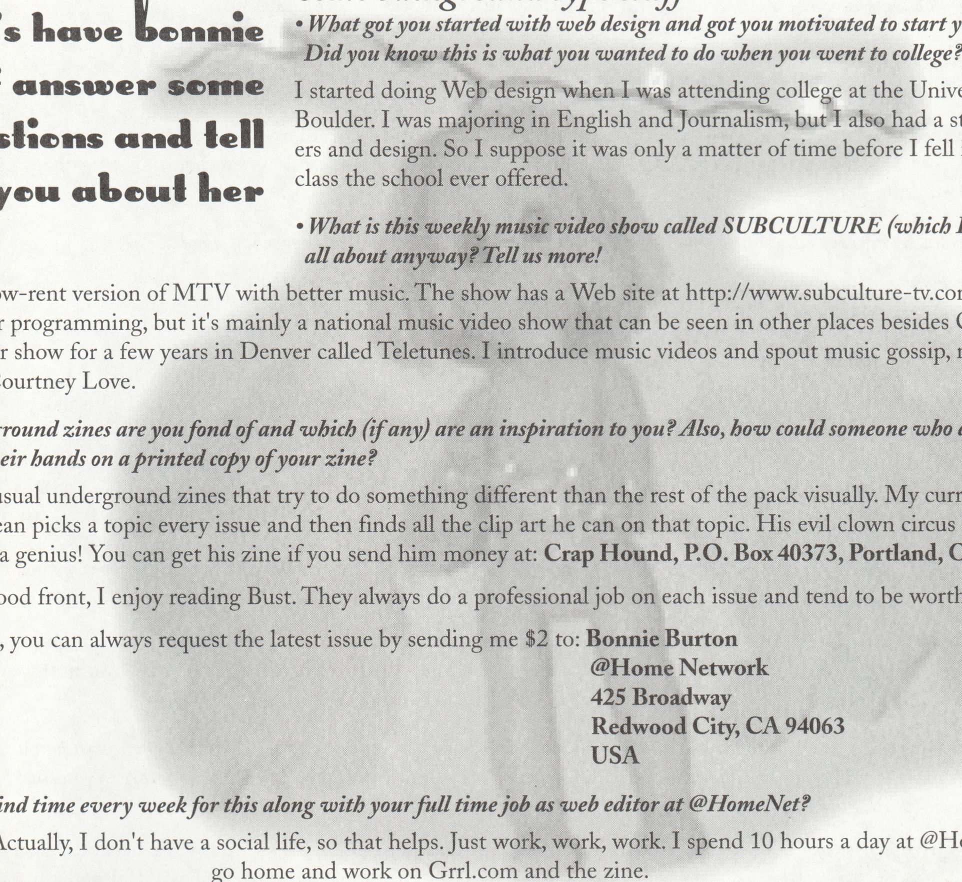
bonnie

LAR FEATURE

website reviews

by kathy mullaney

let's have bonnie herself answer some questions and tell you about her



Some background type stuff-

• What got you started with web design and got you motivated to start your own site? Did you know this is what you wanted to do when you went to college?

I started doing Web design when I was attending college at the University of Colorado at Boulder. I was majoring in English and Journalism, but I also had a strong interest in computers and design. So I suppose it was only a matter of time before I fell into the first Web design class the school ever offered.

• What is this weekly music video show called SUBCULTURE (which I understand you host) all about anyway? Tell us more!

It's kind of a low-rent version of MTV with better music. The show has a Web site at http://www.subculture-tv.com where you can learn more about our programming, but it's mainly a national music video show that can be seen in other places besides California. Before that, I hosted a similar show for a few years in Denver called Teletunes. I introduce music videos and spout music gossip, mostly about Marilyn Manson and Courtney Love.

• Which underground zines are you fond of and which (if any) are an inspiration to you? Also, how could someone who doesn't have access to the internet get their hands on a printed copy of your zine?

I really dig unusual underground zines that try to do something different than the rest of the pack visually. My current favorite is Craphound. Sean picks a topic every issue and then finds all the clip art he can on that topic. His evil clown circus issue is still my favorite. He is a genius! You can get his zine if you send him money at: **Crap Hound, P.O. Box 40373, Portland, Oregon 97240-0373**

On the sisterhood front, I enjoy reading Bust. They always do a professional job on each issue and tend to be worth the cover price.

As for my zine, you can always request the latest issue by sending me $2 to: **Bonnie Burton**
@Home Network
425 Broadway
Redwood City, CA 94063
USA

• How do you find time every week for this along with your full time job as web editor at @HomeNet?

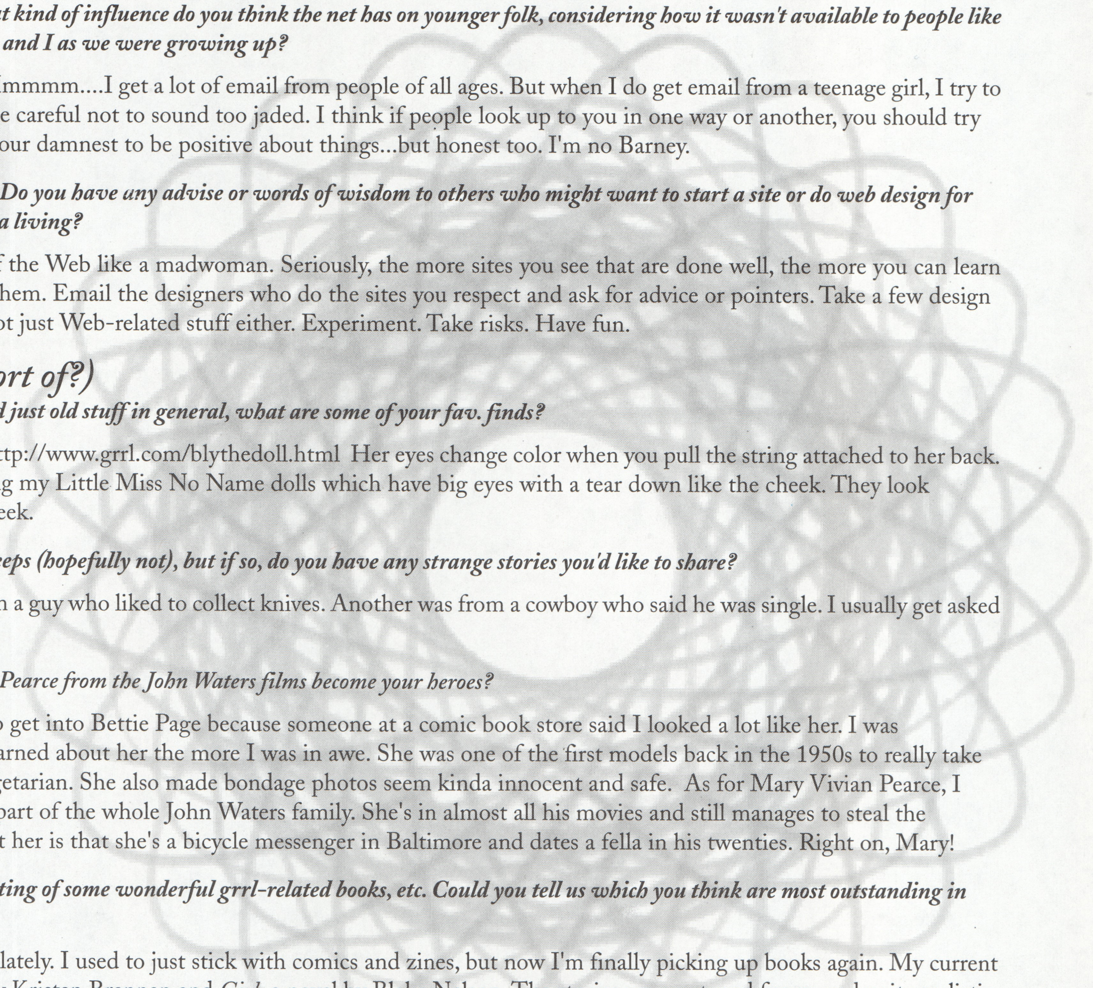
I never sleep. Actually, I don't have a social life, so that helps. Just work, work, work. I spend 10 hours a day at @Home Network, and then go home and work on Grrl.com and the zine.

• Do you get to incorporate what you learn at your day job into your site? If so, congrads on finding a way to make your personal interests work for you as a full time job, doing what your love, plus a way to pay the bills!

Sometimes. I do a column called the Phreaky Phriday Phun Linx for both @Home and for Grrl.com. Other than that, work and the zine have nothing to do with each other. I do abuse my Xerox machine privledges though.

more
keep goin'

more, more, more . . .



• What kind of influence do you think the net has on younger folk, considering how it wasn't available to people like you and I as we were growing up?

Hmmmm....I get a lot of email from people of all ages. But when I do get email from a teenage girl, I try to be careful not to sound too jaded. I think if people look up to you in one way or another, you should try your damnest to be positive about things...but honest too. I'm no Barney.

• Do you have any advise or words of wisdom to others who might want to start a site or do web design for a living?

Surf the Web like a madwoman. Seriously, the more sites you see that are done well, the more you can learn from them. Email the designers who do the sites you respect and ask for advice or pointers. Take a few design classes, not just Web-related stuff either. Experiment. Take risks. Have fun.

Now some fun questions (sort of?)

• I noticed you have a love for old toys and just old stuff in general, what are some of your fav. finds?

My favorite has to be my Blythe dolls. http://www.grrl.com/blythedoll.html Her eyes change color when you pull the string attached to her back. It's a super-creepy doll for sure! I also dig my Little Miss No Name dolls which have big eyes with a tear down like the cheek. They look more like abused children than dolls. eeeek.

• Do you get some strange e-mail from creeps (hopefully not), but if so, do you have any strange stories you'd like to share?

One scary email from this week was from a guy who liked to collect knives. Another was from a cowboy who said he was single. I usually get asked out or a few marriage proposals a week.

• How did Bettie Page and Mary Vivian Pearce from the John Waters films become your heroes?

On a purely egotistical front, I started to get into Bettie Page because someone at a comic book store said I looked a lot like her. I was curious about her life, and the more I learned about her the more I was in awe. She was one of the first models back in the 1950s to really take an interest in working out and was a vegetarian. She also made bondage photos seem kinda innocent and safe. As for Mary Vivian Pearce, I thought it was interesting how she was part of the whole John Waters family. She's in almost all his movies and still manages to steal the scene. I think the last time I heard about her is that she's a bicycle messenger in Baltimore and dates a fella in his twenties. Right on, Mary!

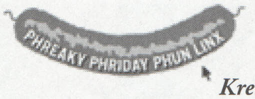
• I love your page on reads. You have a listing of some wonderful grrl-related books, etc. Could you tell us which you think are most outstanding in your eyes?

I've been reading more and more books lately. I used to just stick with comics and zines, but now I'm finally picking up books again. My current favorite books have to be *Buffalo Girls* by Kristen Brennan and *Girl,* a novel by Blake Nelson. The stories are great, and funny, and quite realistic. The characters will grab you from the start. I have to admit that I've read Blake Nelson's book at least 4 times.

• Come to think of it, there isn't anything to do with music or bands on your site. Is there a reason for that, or just not enough hours in the day to cover everything? Would you ever consider doing a page on music, and if so, where do your musical interests lie? I said before to you that I may sense a bit of goth, but that could just be your black hair!

I've sort of stayed away from talking about music on my site because I love so many different bands out there. And my faves change on a day to day basis. If it helps any, today my favorite band is Oranger (http://www.oranger.net). I may be Goth, but I'll listen to everything from surf bands to Johnny Cash to Billie Holiday. ■

Bonnie Burton
GRRL
http://www.grrl.com
bonnie@grrl.com



Check out www.grrl.com every friday for links to everything from Gothic Martha Stewart sites, to sites for Andy Gibb, Krispy Kreme, Sid and Nancy, Robots, you name it.

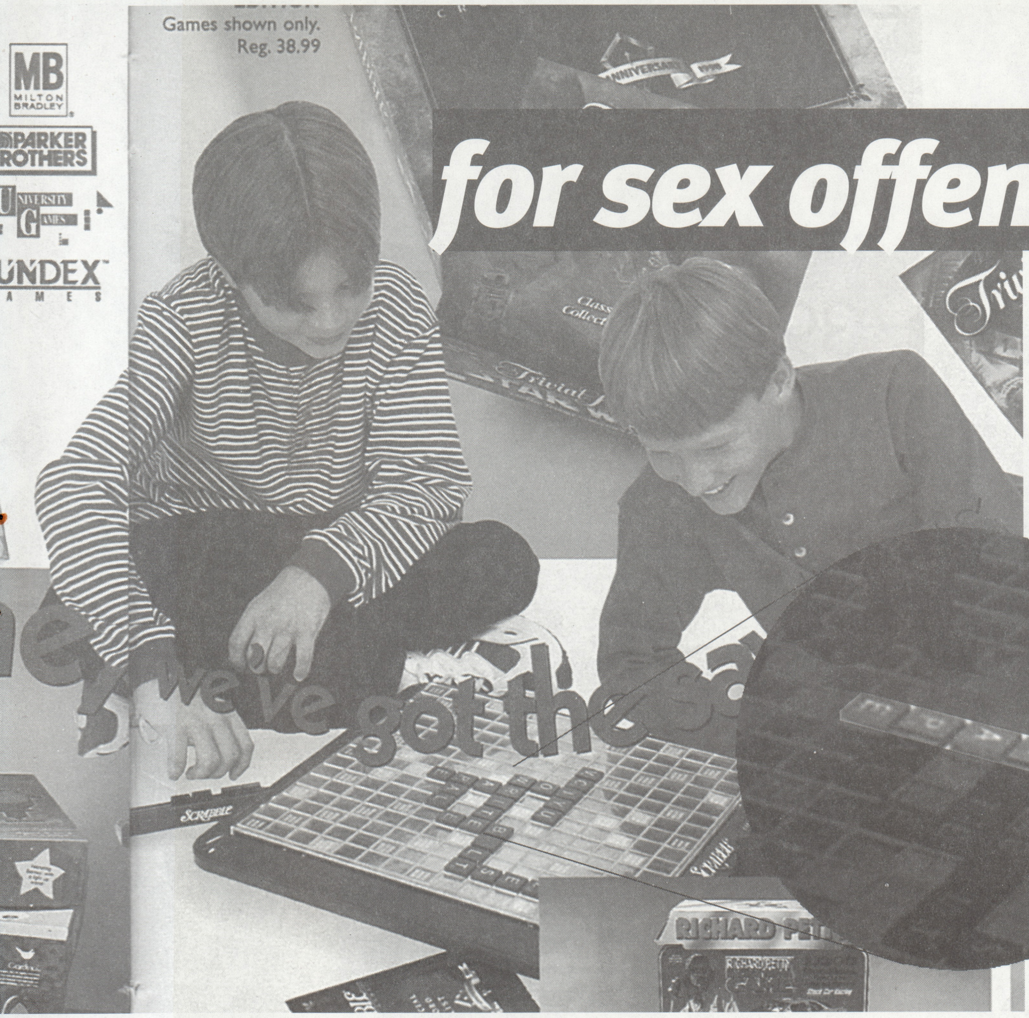
Always a little somethin' fun to look forward to on Fridays! (oh, and the weekend of course !)

stay tuned for more fun sites reviews in the future!

thanks bonnie!

all photos are from bonnie burton's website www.grrl.com by her permission
the spirograph hand done by kathy (inspired by the one on www.grrl.com)
it wasn't as easy to do as i remembered!

for sex offenders 5 & up



November 4, 1998

Scrabble ad doesn't score many points

Associated Press

NORWALK, Conn. — How many points is the word "OOPS" worth in Scrabble?

The Caldor department store chain apologized yesterday after 11 million copies of an advertising circular showed two smiling boys playing Scrabble around a board with the word "RAPE" spelled out.

Caldor said it does not know who did it or how it got past the proofreaders.

The discount chain learned of the problem late Friday when a customer called to complain about the ad, which appeared in a 44-page toy-sale insert distributed over the weekend in 85 newspapers in the Northeast, where Caldor operates 145 stores.

The word "RAPE" is spelled vertically on the board. At least two other words on the board are nonsense words.

"Obviously, it's a mistake," said Caldor spokeswoman Jennifer Belodeau. Belodeau said both Caldor and the outside agency that designed the ad were responsible for proofreading. She wouldn't identify the outside agency.

She said the department store chain got about 10 complaints from customers. ■

10/7/1998

REFUSED IS FUCKING DEAD

In anticipation of the new Refused record, excitement has been building. A full-blown US tour was to proceed the October 27 release date, but the band has done the unthinkable. REFUSED HAS BROKEN UP.

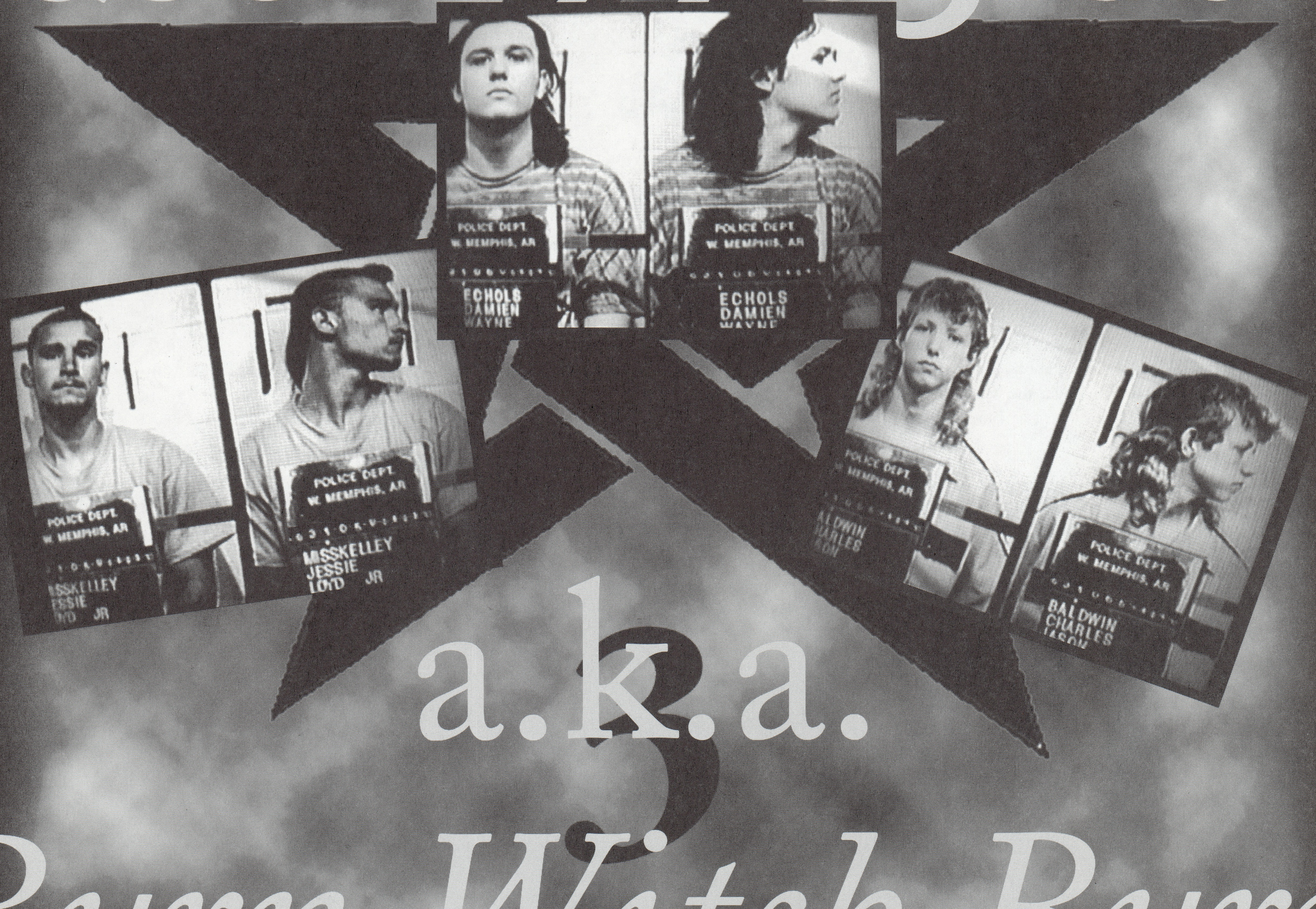
"The Shape of Punk to Come" is the band's third full-length and best record to date. The kings of Swedish hardcore have had a difference in opinion regarding the fundamental purpose of the band, and it seems to have torn them apart. This was an argument that was a long-time coming. Apparently, the vocalist wanted the band to be a political platform for his Anarchist rants, while the rest of the band wanted it to be a musical platform. Unfortunately, they couldn't work it out so that the band could be both.

October 27 is still the release date for this great new record, so get it while it's hot! ■

West Memphis

W Three M

Case # 93-05-666


POLICE DEPT.
W. MEMPHIS, AR
ECHOLS
DAMIEN
WAYNE
POLICE DEPT.
W. MEMPHIS, AR
MISSKELLEY
JESSIE
LOYD JR
POLICE DEPT.
W. MEMPHIS, AR
BALDWIN
CHARLES
JASON

a.k.a.

3

Burn Witch Burn

The West Memphis Three Case # 93-05-666

a.k.a.
"Burn Witch Burn"

By Colleen Reese

Being a "fan" of true crime, I'm amazed I had not heard of this story until a few months ago. In bookstores and libraries you can always find me in that section, God knows what my librarian thinks of me. On one of my daily visits to the video store, I was torn between renting a movie about Jeffery Dahmer, and a movie entitled *Paradise Lost*. The latter seemed more interesting, mainly because I was unfamiliar with the story, and also because of the time and the locale where the atrocity took place. We moved to the South two years ago, close to the same period that the trial was taking place just three states away. "Paradise Lost" is a documentary that was originally aired on HBO, & was directed by Bruce Sinofsky & Joe Berlinger. It is set in the small community of West Memphis, Arkansas and it chronicles the grim tale of the brutal slayings of three young boys, the capture of the alleged murderers, and the trial that followed.

The guilt of the convicted murderers is very much in dispute for many significant reasons. The first and foremost being the townspeople's religious beliefs which seem to have influenced the guilty verdict. Early on in the investigation, some of the police officers concluded that a religious cult may have been involved, and the boys were used in some kind of Satanic sacrifice ritual. Once hearing this, the community was merciless in their crusade for justice. The demand for the murderers' incarceration put the investigators under an enormous amount of pressure. In the short-lived and fervent search to find the killers, they arrested three teenagers, who received an unfair trial from the inefficient police investigation, to the almost comical lack of evidence, to the multitude of bizarre characters who testified at the trial, and lastly to the guilty verdict from, in all probability, biased and prejudiced jurors. The crimes that took place in the small community of West Memphis, Arkansas were horrible, there is no denying that. But the way the case was handled, the townsfolk's attitudes and fears *coupled* with an inept police investigation, could only be attributed to "small town mentality", a stigma no one wants to be accused of, but to deny it's existence would be absurd and unrealistic.

In the months between the killings and the actual trial, there were numerous articles published in the local media, all dealing with a Satanic theme. One newspaper went so far as to print the *recanted* confession of a suspect, before the trial had even started. The public was served a full menu of ideology with the morning paper delivery. On Sundays, unknowing and well-intentioned worshipers were ministered in sermons by uneducated church leaders in their misconceptions of the Occult. Unrelated activities such as Wicca (white magic) and other Neo-Pagan religions, membership in the Masonic Order, Tarot card reading, the game Dungeons and Dragons, astrology and heavy-metal music were considered Satanic in nature due to ignorance which borderlines on the subject of religious intolerance. The tiny population of West Memphis thought they had every reason to believe the defendants guilty. The media's sensationalism with devil worshiping in their midst led to a "Satanic Panic". The police began receiving tips and suggestions from psychics and concerned citizens because the story was aired on "Americas Most Wanted". Given the choice whether to believe the culprits were tucked safely in their jailhouse beds or to think the killer was still out there, lurking in the woods while they double-bolted their doors, they chose the first. It was much easier to look their neighbor in the eye without suspicion. I believe the defendants are innocent, and I only hope I can do them justice with my account of this horrific story.

The Facts

On the afternoon of May 5, 1993, three 8 year old boys, Steve Branch, Christopher Byers and Michael Moore, went to ride their bikes in the Robin Hood Hills in West Memphis, AR. They were last seen alive at 6:30p.m. At 7:30p.m., the stepfather of Christopher Byers made the first phone call, of many, to report his son missing. Some would say that Byers had made the call a little too soon; it was early and the boys had really not been gone that long. The police contacted the parents of the other boys, and searched the woods until about 3 AM the next morning. The search resumed at daylight, and in the afternoon the police discovered the bound and naked bodies of the three lifeless boys. The bodies had been dumped in a shallow creek, thus washing away any evidence the killer(s) might have left behind. Two of the boys had multiple stab wounds, and had indications of sodomy. The official cause of death of these two was by drowning. The third boy also had been allegedly raped, but unlike the others, he had the skin of his penis removed and was castrated. This child bled to death from the countless wounds made from a knife with a serrated blade. This was a terrible crime, the meaningless death of any child is horrendous in itself. But the bondage and sexual mutilation was even more unspeakable.

There was a maniac out there, and the police were justified in their accelerated pursuit of him. Unfortunately, in their haste, investigative errors occurred in abundance. The first being the phone call made at 8:42 PM to the West Memphis Police, (a few hours after the boys had last been seen alive) by Marty King, the manager of a Bojangles restaurant near the Robin Hood woods. Mr. King reported that an Afro-American male had entered the restaurant dazed and apparently covered in blood, and had been in the ladies washroom for about an hour. The officer did not arrive until after the man left. For reasons unknown, the police woman did not leave her vehicle nor did she find it necessary to enter the restaurant. Evidently the drive-thru window was sufficient enough to question the disturbed manager, plus she didn't have to get out of her car to get a fried chicken dinner. In defense of the police department, a detective did go back to the restaurant after the boy's bodies were discovered and collected blood scrapings from the bathroom. But again, mishap stepped in. The samples were subsequently lost and never heard from again. So much for leads.

Burk Sauls shows a reporter the WM3 stickers supporters were forced to remove.

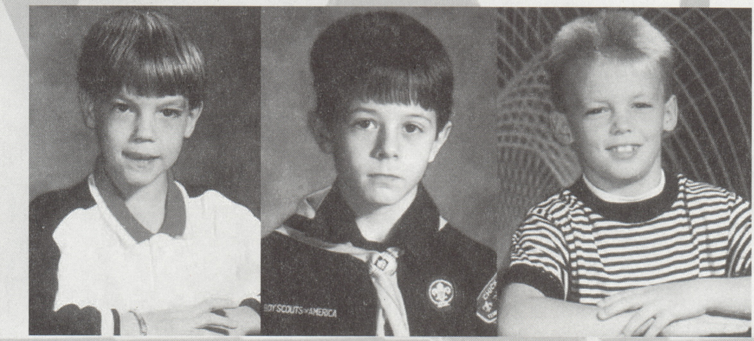
Photo by Grove Pashley

Since some details of the crime were so unusual, particularly the bondage and mutilation, some of the police were leaning towards the notion of Satanic involvement, as I've stated earlier. Damien Echols quickly became a suspect. For some reason whenever things went wrong in this little town, the blame always seemed to involve Damien, the town's pet scapegoat. It is true that he was considered odd by many in the community, but for no more reasons than you or I would, or anyone living in a larger community. A Crittenden County Juvenile Officer, Jerry Driver, was convinced Damien was involved in the murders because of his past experiences with Damien.

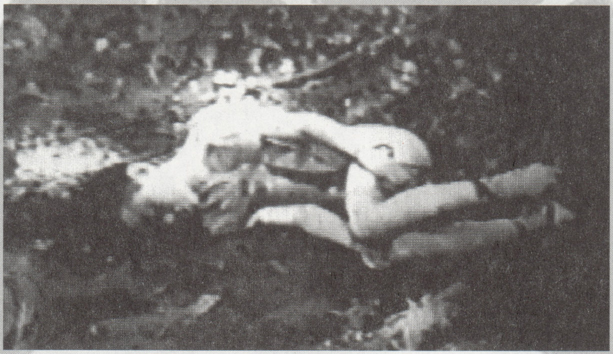
Allegedly, Damien told Driver that a Satanic cult was going to form in the area soon, and Driver said that he had *heard* that Damien liked to drink blood. It seems he often dressed in black, liked heavy metal music and, well shit, his name *was* Damien, the fictitious name of the Anti-Christ portrayed in the "Omen" films. He was picked up for questioning on May 9, and released without charges being laid. Incidentally, according to several sources at the crime scene, another Juvenile Officer, Steve Jones, said while the bodies were being removed, "Looks like Damien Echols finally killed someone" which was heard by many bystanders. In trying to presume Damien's state of mind with all the attention he was getting, something he never experienced before, he liked his new-found celebrity status. Suddenly his name was on everyone's lips. Let's face it, Damien would never be elected class president nor be an all-star football player, at least not with his appearance in Arkansas standards. So, being foolish, he did not deny, (or avow) to any involvement in the crime to his friends. He honestly never considered that he might harm himself by his own actions, and there was no way he could have anticipated what was to come. In fact, when he was first brought in for questioning, he voluntarily gave hair and blood samples, something a reasonably intelligent person who was guilty would *never* do. The police, faced with no real clues, and intensely pressured to solve the crime, were positive that Damien was responsible for these crimes. But they had no confession from Damien, no evidence linking him to the crimes. All they had was a *hunch*. Damien's juvenile history with the law was minor at best. His first brush with the police was in the Spring of 1992, when he was 17. Damien and his girlfriend decided to run away together because of her parents dislike for the boy. The night they left, which was also the last day of school, they found an abandoned house in town and took shelter there. Someone saw them and called the police. Damien was arrested, given psychological tests and ended up in the hospital, apparently suffering from manic depression with suicidal tendencies. After being released from a psychiatric hospital with a clean bill of health, he took his G.E.D. test, which was required by the terms of his probation, passed easily, and received his high school diploma. Damien's girlfriend became pregnant and they moved in together with plans of marriage in the near future. That was the end of Damien's juvenile criminal record. Pretty scary guy, hunh?

With nothing else to go on, the police began rounding up anyone and everyone who knew Damien Echols. They brought in 17 year old Jessie Misskelley on June 3rd at 9:30 am for questioning, accompanied by his father, Jessie, Sr. An Officer Allen was conducting the interview, and he told Jessie's father that he wanted to question Jessie about Damien. Allen also offhandedly told the father that Jessie would get reward money *IF* he helped in the investigation.

Let's stop for a moment and learn a little bit about Jessie Jr. At the age of four, Jessie was found to be retarded by a certified physician. His IQ at the time of the questioning was 72, (100 is considered average), which indicates borderline retarded. So, in light of that fact, Jessie operates at the level of a five year old child. Jessie was never read his Miranda rights, not that he could understand them anyway, and his parents were never asked to sign a waiver of his Miranda rights *which is required by law.* The police started out the interview with a statement that if he, Jessie, knew who the killers were, he would get reward money. The police questioned Jessie about the murders and he denied knowing anything. Thinking he was lying, apparently by his blank-eyed appearance, the officers asked him to take a polygraph test. Jessie, not knowing what a polygraph test was, agreed. Officer Allen took Jessie to get his father's permission in writing to take the test, but he still was not asked to sign the Miranda waiver. Instead the father was told again by Officer Allen about receiving reward money if the boy could help them find the killer. Jessie was given the test at noon, and was asked a series of ten questions. One question asked was "Do you take drugs", which Jessie answered no. The rest of the questions were non-specific queries about the murders. After each question, Jessie stated that he knew nothing. When the test was over, an Officer Durham told Jessie that "he was lying his ass off." Jessie did admit he lied about the drug question, but was truthful about the others. Durham would not let up. He said he knew Jessie was lying about the murders because the polygraph machine could tell what was going on inside a person's brain, and for that reason Durham knew he was lying because "his brain was telling him so." Extra-sensory polygraph machines? Jessie was getting scared. The police interrogated Jessie for another two hours, in which time after time he denied any involvement. He was denied the right to talk to his father during the intense grilling, a violation of the law because Jessie was, at the time, legally a minor. Jessie was shown a photograph of one of the boys bodies which terribly frightened him. He was then played an audio tape of a child's voice saying, "Nobody knows what happened to me." This frightened Jessie even more. Next he was shown a diagram containing a circle with three dots inside it, which represented Damien, Jessie, and another suspect and friend of Damien's, Jason Baldwin. The officer drew dots outside the circle which were to represent the police, and asked Jessie if he wanted to be in the circle with the bad guys, or outside with the police. Jessie was scared to death, and asked to be let to see his father. Denied. More grilling continued. Twelve hours later, Jessie with his will thoroughly broken, listened to his child-like mind that spoke to him. The only way to get out of there was to tell them what they wanted to hear. He told them that he had seen Damien and Jason rape and murder the children. Somehow he involved himself as an accomplice, and instead of letting Jessie go home as promised, he was locked up. The interrogation lasted 12 hours, but only 20 minutes of it exist on audio tape. When Jessie realized he had been duped, he recanted his entire confession, but it was too late. Score one for the unethical West Memphis Police. They got the break they needed, even if their methods were crooked and corrupt. The police now had just cause to arrest Damien Echols and Jason Baldwin, along with Jessie, for the murders of Christopher Byers, Steven Branch and Michael Moore, all based on the coerced confession of a mentally retarded teenager.



Christopher Byers Michael Moore Steve Branch



The Trials

Nine months after the murders, Jessie Misskelley's trial began on January 19th, 1993, in which he pleaded not guilty. The prosecution's case was based entirely on Jessie's confession since they had no other evidence linking him to the crime. Jessie testified that he was pressured into giving the confession after a grueling interrogation, where he saw no other escape than to falsely confess, and hope to be let go. An expert on interrogation procedures and polygraph tests, Warren Holmes, was acquired by Jessie's lawyer, Dan Stidham. Holmes was allowed to testify only about the interrogation techniques in general. The trial judge stated that he could not give his interpretation of the polygraph's results, saying that it was inadmissible. Another expert was called to lend a hand, Dr. Richard Ofshe, a Pulitzer Prize winner for his expertise on the occult. Ofshe has a second area of proficiency, false confessions. The trial judge would not allow Ofshe to give all his opinions in regard to Jessie's case. What it boils down to was despite the fact that the doctor had been allowed to testify in courts all over the country about the subject of false confessions, he was not allowed to give a full testimonial in "The State of Arkansas vs. Jessie Misskelley." These testimonies were crucial to the case, and it crippled the defense severely. Jessie was offered a reduced sentence if he testified against Damien and Jason, but he refused. If Jessie had not lied in any of his prior testimony, and also recanted his confession that more or less damned Damien & Jason, why would he start lying now? Jessie felt he was responsible for the incarceration of his two friends, he did not want to damage their characters anymore. And besides, lying was what got them into trouble in the first place. Jessie was not playing their game anymore. He was going to bite the bullet, tell the truth, and see what happened. Well, Jessie for all his courage and gallantry was found guilty as charged. He was found guilty of 1 count of murder in the first degree, and guilty of 2 counts of murder in the second degree. He received a life sentence without parole.

What the Jury was not allowed to hear

Dr. Richard Ofshe's restricted testimony. If allowed to fully testify, he would have gone on to say that he felt Jessie's confession was the worst false confession he had seen in his career. He believed without a doubt that Jessie was innocent and was convinced he was the product of police coercion. The Dr.'s full testimony may be heard in the upcoming appeal.

Warren Holmes is a consultant to the FBI, the Texas Rangers and the Royal Mounted Canadian Police. He has conducted polygraph exams in the assassination cases of JFK and Martin Luther King, as well as Watergate, and has over 39 years of experience as a homicide detective and a polygraph examiner. Mr. Holmes concluded in his study of Jessie's test that he lied about one question. The drug question. Jessie passed all the other questions on the test concerning the homicides, showing no signs of deception. It was clear to Holmes that Officer Durham had lied to Jessie, and that Jessie falsely confessed because he thought the police had this machine that was telling him "his brain was lying to them." This distorted the boy's already dim view of reality, and he felt the only way out was to tell them what they wanted to hear. As part of an experiment, Jessie's lawyer and a Dr. Wilkins were able to get Jessie to confess about a robbery that never happened. The results of the experiment were also deemed inadmissible by the trial judge, and the jury was not allowed to hear this either. Dan Stidham is convinced to this day that he could get Jessie to confess to killing JFK regardless of the fact he wasn't even born yet. Experts all agree on the fact that a person of limited intellect, and who is also highly suggestible will most often confess falsely as their perception of reality is changed and they see it as their only chance to avoid getting into trouble. And the only way of avoiding trouble is to tell their interrogators what they want, and hope to leave the intense pressure of a heated inquisition.

Facts of Jessie's confession that do not match facts of the crime

Jessie said the boys skipped school on May 5, 1993.
FACT: Boys attended school all day, including Jason Baldwin.

Jessie says boys were killed at 12:00 PM on May 5,1993.
FACT: Since boys were in school all day until 3:00 PM, were last seen alive at 6:30 PM, and the Medical Examiner says time of death was 1:00 AM to 5:00 AM on May 6, 1993, this could not be true.

Jessie says Damien and Jason raped the boys.
FACT: Medical Examiner's report denies any trauma to the boy's anuses.

Jessie says the boys were tied up with a brown rope.
FACT: Boys were tied with their own shoelaces.

Jessie says that Damien choked one of the boys with a "big ol' stick."
FACT: Medical Examiner reports none of the boys had choking or strangulation injuries.

These are just a few of the inconsistencies of Jessie's confession, but they are *enough* inconsistencies to place reasonable doubt in my mind. When combining Jessie's intellect, poor police procedure and these facts, it is inconceivable that he could be found guilty. Jurors may only cast a guilty vote if there is absolute belief, beyond a reasonable doubt, that the accused did commit the crime. There are enough reasonable doubts here to fill The Grand Canyon.

On February 22, 1993, two weeks after Jessie's trial, the combined trial of Damien Wayne Echols and Jason Baldwin began. Again the prosecution's case relied mainly on Jessie Misskelley's recanted confession. Although this was a double trial, it was easy to see what the prosecution was up too. With absolutely no evidence or motive, they had to build the case with what they had. Jason Baldwin was virtually omitted from the trial, at least from my research. Damien Echols was going to be the dominate bad boy. He was so much more "colorful" than his best friend Jason. Damien's innocent dabblings in Wicca, Paganism and his bizarre sense of fashion made him the better candidate for the ringleader position that needed to be filled, and most of the trial focused on him. They had to convince the jury that the boys were evil, devil worshiping monsters, and that is exactly what they did. Quick lesson on Paganism. This religion is older than Christianity. Pagans worship the elements of the Earth, air, fire and water. They do not acknowledge the existence of Satan. One interesting bit of history I learned while researching this story, was that the earliest Christians had decided that Jesus Christ was born on January 6 and believed this for hundreds of years. December 25 was the birth of the sun according to the Pagans, and they had huge festivals celebrating this holiday that Christians took part in. This concerned the church so much that they changed the originally thought date of Christ's birthday to December the 25, so they could claim the traditional festival as their own. *Believe it or not.*

John Mark Byers

Damien also did his research on religion during his childhood years, before deciding on Catholicism. Damien was born as Michael Wayne Hutchinson, last named changed to Echols when his mother remarried, and his first name was changed to Damien out of his respect for Father Damien, the Catholic priest, who founded the leper colony in Hawaii. Damien had a tremendous sense of admiration for the work Father Damien did in his life. He attended church regularly, but became fascinated with Stonehenge, which led to his discovery of the Druids. He learned that Paganism was the first religion and researched the subject feverishly in his quest for the true religion. He decided on Paganism for that reason, it was the first religion, so it must be the least blemished, in his view. For reasons that I'm sure you can imagine for yourselves, the Southern Bible thumpers don't hold a lot of respect for Pagans *or* lepers.

Other than the prosecution's zealous crusade of establishing Damien an inhumane, demonic Satan worshiper, they had no other cards to play. There was no evidence linking either boy to the crime. The trial was a travesty, boring at times to spectators for the lack of any proof of their guilt. The prosecution could only prove two things, that 3 boys were murdered, and the cause of their death. It proved the act, but did not prove the reason these boys were on trial. The answers to who, why, where and when were not relative to the prosecution's case. They gave up on trying to prove them guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. They had faith that the jurors would assume their guilt, strictly by the personalities that had been created by the prosecutors. To bore you with the same facts repeated over and over would be futile.

Although there were some indications of their guilt, there is no concrete proof that could place the boys at the scene:

- Two friends of Echol's testified that they had seen Echols and his girlfriend walking near the woods on the night of the murders, supposedly his clothes were dirty.
- When Damien was asked by the police how he thought the children had been killed, he said that one child was cut up more than the others. This information was not released to the public at the time he was questioned.
- Fibers similar to ones found on the children's clothing were comparable to fibers found in the Echols home, specifically belonging to Mrs. Echols bathrobe, which Walmart stocked heavily. Walmart, by the way, is second

to none in retail volume in West Memphis.

- A hunting knife was found in a lake behind Jason Baldwin's house.

And then we have the prosecution's "star" witness. Dr. Dale Griffis, an expert in occult killings with a mail order degree. His testimony was a medley of fantasy, deceptions and religious intolerance. He filled the jurors minds blatantly with misinformation. The following are some the good Dr.'s statements from his testimony in part:

Young children are often used for sacrifice because "the younger, the more innocent, the better the life force."
Here he is referring to ancient Christian propaganda that dates back to Witch burning times. I can only guess by this statement, all the children who are senselessly murdered every day are sacrifices to Satan.
The victims were all eight years old, and eight is a witches' number.
In Wiccan religion, there are eight days of seasonal celebration, but it is not a holy witch number. The fact that the children were eight years old was probably not relevant to their deaths.
The number three has major significance in occultism, and they were three victims.
The number three has more significance in Christianity, it is associated with the Trinity.
Sacrifices are often performed near water for a baptism-like rite.
No occult related practice involves baptizing, that is strictly a Christian ritual. Satanists do not parody Christianity, they ridicule it, along with other religions.
The absence of blood at the scene of the crime indicates that the cult members stored the blood for future services, for bathing and consuming.
Here he is correct, but only in regard to the ritual of blood drinking. It is more likely that the crimes were committed at a different location, the bodies dumped there, and the creek washed away all traces of blood. He also spoke of the word "overkill" in this statement in relation to the multiple stab wounds. If the killer(s) were so intent on the collection of blood, how could they efficiently harvest blood seeping from numerous wounds? Overkill is not an exclusive term affiliated with Satanic ritual sacrifices. Crazed, psychotic serial killers are not immune to overkill.
The clear place on the bank of the creek could have been used in the ceremony.
If Satanists did conduct a sacrificial ritual there, using the bank as an altar of sort, why were no ritualistic tools found? Like candles, wax drippings, a circle or pentagram drawn on the ground, etc. Nothing was found.

In this country, there has never been an instance related to sexual homicides or mutilations that have been associated with the practice of Satanic worship. If we listen to Dr. Griffis, we can only conclude that every rapist or murderer has committed these crimes because the devil made them do it. In truth, many investigators have concluded that the only ritual killings performed in connection with a religious ritual, are accidental deaths caused during Christian exorcisms.

John Mark Byers

Dr. Dale Griffis, a self described "cult cop" who received his Ph.D. in the mail, fed on the community's hysteria concerning witchcraft. According to him *anything* could be related to Satanism. When asked if the way the victims were tied up, the nakedness, the close proximity to water, could be descriptive of a Satanic death ritual, he answered , "Yes". When asked could they have been Satanic if they were *not* tied, naked and close to water, he again replied, "Yes". Truly an expert. In 1985, Dr. Griffis was called by the police to help investigate a location in Ohio that was thought to be a Satanic ritual site. It was in a garbage dump. The clever doctor discovered two rusty knives and a doll's head in his survey of the foul-smelling dumping ground, and ruled their validity as tools used in a Satanic ritual. This man most likely spends his time interpreting lyrics and Disney movies for evil subliminal messages. He should be feared, not unlike Joseph McCarthy, for spreading asinine scare rumors in a race to save the world.

The film spectacles the families of the dead children in shuddering reality. The scenes are both heartbreaking and hair-raising simultaneously. The parent's hatred and search for vengeance of the accused somehow overrides the grief you would think they would be feeling. One mother stumbles into a scene, apparently drunk and just released from a mental institution. Another parent describes how they would like to kill the accused boys and their birth mothers in vivid detail and get away with it.

But the most bizarre and suspicious character is John Mark Byers, stepfather to Christopher Byers, the child that had been castrated. Remember, he was the first to notify the police of the missing boys. His impersonation of a grieving father is a hard swallow, hard enough to make you choke. There is footage of Byers standing at the murder site reciting a sort of homily that would make my minister recoil in disgust. Some of his words were, "I hope your master the devil takes you soon. And the day you die, I'm gonna praise God. Every year on May 5, I'm gone come to your grave site and I'm going to spit on you. I'm going to curse the day you were born. And while I'm standing there, I'm going to have to have other bodily functions let go upon your grave." In explaining how the children were beat, he pummels his fist while chanting, "They just kept beating and pounding, and killing them and killing them". Cut to a local shooting range scene. Three pumpkins are set up to represent Damien, Jason and Jessie. Byers literally demolished the "heads" to a pulp. His chilling dialogue was not prompted in any way by the filmmakers. Pointing at a pumpkin, he said, "I could save the state a lot of money if they just let me line them three sons of a gun up. I'd say this one's for you Jessie, oh I'd done blowed you half in two son. Damien, you're that black circle right in the middle. (He fires.) Boy, you got hurt. Hey Jason, I want you to smile and blow me a kiss for this one", and shoots until he empties his gun.

You may think this is justifiable for a father to feel rage against his son's murderers, and I would agree. But the boys had yet to go to trial, had yet to be proven guilty. And Mark Byers role in this tragic drama is not yet finished.

John Mark Byers, it would seem, found his 15 (+) minutes of fame during the filming of

"Paradise Lost." According to the filmmakers, he was an amazing person to be around, and he was around constantly. He was very eager to be filmed. One evening, after a long day of filming, some of the crew went to the Byers' house for coffee. One of the cameramen had talked earlier with Byers about the subject of knives and hunting and they sort of "bonded" so to speak. The cameraman was lying on the couch in the living room exhausted, when Byers came over to him, rubbed his arm in an erotic way, and said "I have something for you, this may save your life one day", and handed him a knife. The cameraman was stunned, didn't really know what to say, so he thanked him, and left for the hotel where he turned the knife over to Bruce Sinofsky. When the knife was unfolded, the men noticed blood, not on the knife itself, but inside where the knife folds, like as if it had been bloody and not thoroughly cleaned. The filmmakers were mystified. Here's this guy, really weird to begin with, giving a knife with blood on it to a man he hardly knows after his own son has been killed, castrated and left to bleed to death with an almost identical type of knife. After discussing what they should do with the knife, the filmmakers decided to turn it into the police, as possible evidence. Midway through the filming, the police now had another possible suspect. When put on the stand and questioned about the knife, Byers denied ever having used it. When blood tests, (NOT DNA TESTS), were performed and human blood was found, he quickly changed his story. He told the police he had cut himself with the knife. Consequently, Byers and his stepson both had the same blood type, so this was deemed inadmissible. This was the first piece of possible evidence that the court had seen, and they were going to disregard it. You must admit, *some* evidence is better than *no* evidence. The medical examiners report on the emasculation of Chris Byers stated that the skinning of his penis was so precise, with almost no blood loss, it had to have been done by someone who knew how to use a knife, and use it well. Mark Byers was a jewel cutter. Take that and add to it Byers own sworn testimony that he had beaten Christopher with a belt hours before the boys were reported missing. Sound odd to you? Most of the cases of child abuse or murder is almost always found to be committed by someone in the family. This is one of the aspects of the case that neither the investigators nor the jury found disturbing in the least. Byers was no stranger to the W.M. Police Department. He was a drug informant in the town. Now, it is not an unrealistic concept that drug informants take that position with the police in order to turn attention away from themselves. Byers had a long history of drug and alcohol abuse, along with espousal and child abuse charges. Damien's history with depression was used in court, why were none of Byers offenses allowed? During the trial it was okay for him to have a serrated knife, but Damien's possession of books lent by the library about Wicca were considered unusual and suspect. Given a choice of the two, a blood encrusted serrated knife against a harmless book on love potions, I'll take the knife as the more plausible evidence. He lied to the police about the knife initially, denied owning one. Suspicious? Not to the trial judge. The presence of blood makes it even more ambiguous, and under normal circumstances he would have been a suspect. Was his status as a drug informant held so highly by the court that he could be beyond suspicion? Before the teens were arrested, Byers was making numerous phone calls to the police department, giving names of pawnbrokers and drug dealers who he thought had grudges against him as possible suspects. Was he trying to divert attention away from himself? There are too many "ifs" to be ignored. Presence of blood is the most convincing and convicting evidence, to oversimplify its existence is inexcusable. DNA tests should have been mandatory, there is no getting around that. The trial was not about John Mark Byers, that is understood, but with all the lights blinking red at his inconsistencies, lies and bizarre behavior he damn well should have been investigated thoroughly.

Damien Echols being escorted to his June '98 appeal hearing

Verdict

Twenty five days after the dual trial of "Damien Wayne Echols and Jason Baldwin vs. The State of Arkansas," it was over. Both boys are found guilty of three counts of capitol murder. Jason is sentenced to life in prison, Damien is sentenced to death by lethal injection. In December of '95, Jessie Misskelley filed for a new trial, and was rejected. On April 1, 1995, a petition is filed for a rehearing of Jessie's trial and is denied. In October of '96, Damien's appeal began, and was rejected on December 23, 1996. Jason's appeal was filed with Damien's and rejected on the same day by The Arkansas Supreme Court.

The Aftermath

Investigation errors found:

- The Autopsy reports that the boys anuses were dilated, which the police took as an indication of sodomy. In reality, the dilation occurred as a natural result of being in the water for so long. The bruising about the mouths and ears were also taken as results of forced oral sex. No semen was found in any body cavity of any of the boys, and no trauma was present to the anus of any boy. Virtually, one or the other would have to be present in order to prove sexual assault.
- The policed assumed the time of death had to be between 6:30 p.m. on May 5, 1993 when the boys were last seen alive, and at about 8:30p.m., when the search began. At the time of Jessie's trial, the Medical Examiner told Misskelley's attorneys that the time of death was impossible to determine due to the poor

work of the coroner. At the Echols/Baldwin trial, the Medical Examiner testified that after further research, he placed the time of death between 1:00a.m. and 5:00a.m. on May 6, 1993.

- Crime scene was not properly secured resulting in possible loss of evidence.
- A hair was found on one of the boys which was determined to be Negro in origin, not considered relevant
- No blood found at the scene should have prompted the investigation team to search for the actual murder site. The Medical Examiner testified that it would be impossible for the injuries inflicted on the boys to leave no blood at the creek bank. The injuries could not have been committed in the water or in the dark for that matter. He concluded the ditch was a dumping site, the boys were killed elsewhere. No investigation followed.
- Police did not keep the facts of the crime scene confidential, specifically the injuries to the bodies. These facts were reported in the news media that was widely circulated through West Memphis.
- New evidence was found and is being researched by Dr. Brent Turvey, a forensics specialist. Numerous injuries to the face of one of the victims are believed to be bite marks. Find the biter, you got the killer.
- The Bojangles connection/lost blood scrapings.
- Negligence on the part of the police in following any other leads. They zeroed in on the three teens due to public pressure to find suspects, while ignoring other possible leads.

The Families of the Convicted

Pam Echols and Joe Hutchinson - *Damien's biological parents*
Pam & Joe separated after the verdict. In the Fall of '93 two men got into an argument over Pam while Joe watched. One man shot the other dead, neither Pam nor Joe were charged with anything.

Jessie Misskelley Sr.
Jessie's biological father
In the summer of '95 Mr. Misskelley attempted to move his trailer home without the proper equipment and ended up destroying it and was forced to live in his pickup truck. In trying to clear weeds by soaking them in gasoline and igniting it, Mr. Misskelley ended up burning over 75% of his body. He has since recovered.

No information on Jason Baldwin's parents could be found at time publishing.

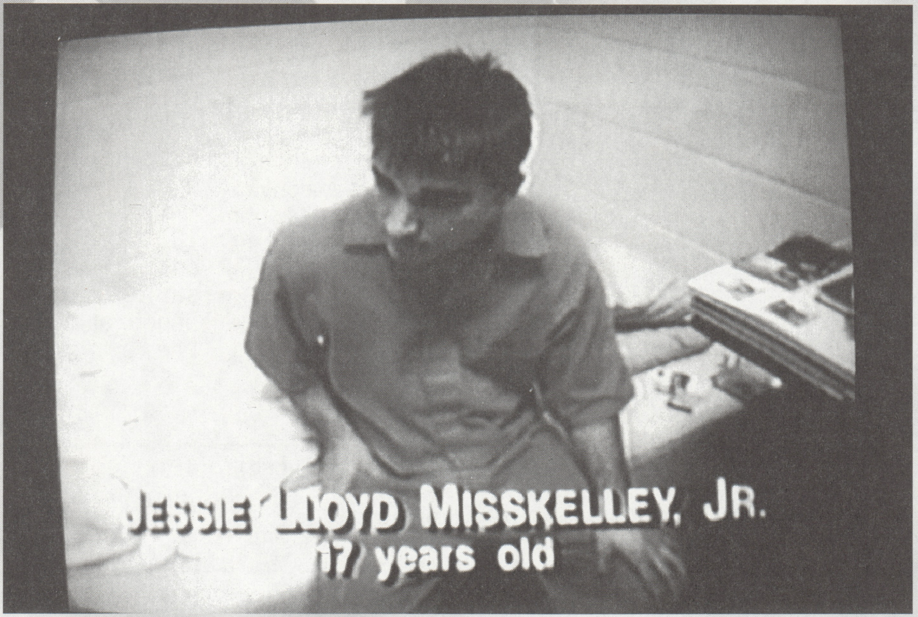
Families of the victims

Diane Moore - *Mother of Michael Moore*
In early '95 Mrs. Moore was driving while intoxicated when she ran over and killed a 26 year old mother of two. She was charged with vehicular manslaughter.

Pam and Terry Hobbs - *Mother and Step-father of Steven Branch*
In November of '94, Mr. Hobbs reportedly beat his wife with his fists. When confronted by his brother-in-law, Jackie Hicks, Mr. Hobbs shot Jackie in the stomach. Mr. Hicks survived, Hobbs was charged with aggravated assault.

Melissa and John Mark Byers - *Mother and Step-father of Christopher Byers*
After the trial, they moved to another small town called Cherokee Village, with their surviving son Ryan.

- In early '94 John & Melissa were jailed in Sharp County on charges of residential burglary in the theft of $20,000 worth of antiques from a neighbor's home. Most of the possessions were recovered.
- In July of '94, John was involved in an incident in which a group of teenagers fought while Byers stood watch with a shotgun, to make sure the fight went on. One of the boys had in his possession a pocket knife belonging to Byers. The boy he was fighting was injured seriously enough to require hospitalization. Byers was charged with contributing to the delinquency of a minor.
- That same summer, both John & Melissa were involved in the whipping of a five year old neighbor with the metal end of a fly swatter. They fired shots at the same neighbors home. The neighbor reported that Melissa had threatened to kill her family, stating "You can't watch your family 24 hours a day, and you are going down!" Melissa was charged with disorderly conduct, while the neighbors filed a restraining order against the two.
- In October, Melissa was once again arrested and charged with aggravated assault. She pointed a rifle at carpet layers who refused to work at her home until her floors were cleaned. The Byers had lived in Cherokee Village six months by that time, and police had been summoned to their home at least eight times. Neighbors could hear her screaming at the installers "Get off my property" as her husband held her back.
- In January of '95, John was found guilty on the charge of contributing to the delinquency of a minor. His sentence was a year in jail, with nine months suspended, and ordered to pay half of the injured boys medical fees.
- On March 29, 1996, after taking a nap with his wife, John Mark Byers awoke to find his wife, Melissa, dead. Melissa was only 40 years old at the time of her death. Although the death was considered "suspicious" the case was closed due to "death by natural causes". The death analysis performed by Brent Turvey, MS, has proved otherwise. The following are excerpts from his examination:



- Melissa's drug use and abuse, her criminal history, and her family history are important information to include should drugs be considered potential contributing casual elements to her death, as they were in this case. In other words, she did not die by drug overdose, drugs were found in her system, but not in lethal doses.
- There are a number of injuries suggesting trauma, apart from those established to have been caused by medical attention. Multiple contusions to the scalp. It is the opinion of this examiner that the nature of these contusions should be investigated, as they are consistent with having been caused by a blunt force trauma to the back of the victim's head. Three contusions to the upper left arm, six to the upper right arm, and four contusions to the upper left shoulders. These wounds are consistent with the act of the victim been recently seized forcibly from behind.
- Brown-red dried fluid found in the oral cavity and on the lips. Consistent with anoxia (lack of oxygen to the blood), may suggest the victim may have died from suffocation.

The existence of these injuries indicate that it is possible for another individual to be involved in the death of Melissa Byers. The death was not consistent with natural causes, suicide, or accidental drug overdose. Dr. Turvey clearly suggests that this case be reopened as a possible homicide. Interviews with the people who were there the night she died should be warranted to establish the sequence of events leading to her death. Her husband, her son Ryan Clark and his girlfriend were all in the house when she died. Norm Metz, a neighbor that John called for help, should also be questioned.

In an interview John Mark Byers gave to the Arkansas Times, he was quoted as saying, "Melissa's death is another tragedy, another heartbreak. I'm the victim here, let's not forget that." He now lives in another city and subsists on Social Security disability checks because of a tumor located in his brain, which gives him terrible headaches and makes him unable to work. I hope we all have heard the last of John Byers.

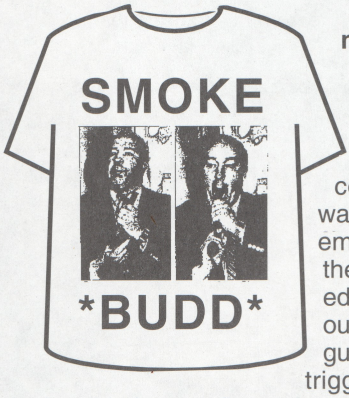
In post trial developments, Damien was given a hearing in May of '98 to determine whether he deserves a new trial. The hearing will continue in September of '98. He is currently on death row in Tucker Arkansas. He spends most of his time reading and writing letters to friends.
Jessie Jr. Is currently serving a life sentence at the Arkansas Dept. of Corrections in Grady, AR. Jessie works in the prison on cleaning detail.
Jason is also in Grady, along with Jessie. He is currently serving a life sentence and works in the prison hoe squad.

For those interested in contributing or asking questions regarding The West Memphis Three, you can contact their support fund.

West Memphis Three Support Fund
PO Box 45888
1626 N. Wilcox #423
Los Angeles, CA 90028
OR
Visit their web site at http://www.wm3.org
There are many links with this web site that can give you more reading material, along with updates on the case. You may also write the convicted, addresses are listed. They appreciate all the mail they receive.

Watch the movie. Make your own conclusions. Hope for the future. ■

HOT DAMN... WICKED SHIRTS!



Last chance to get this nasty bit of Pennsylvania memorabilia.

January 22, 1987: PA State Treasurer R. Budd Dwyer held a live, televised press conference. His aim (ahem) was to stress his innocence of embezzling charges, of which the State had already convicted him. 'Budd' pulled a big gun out of an envelope, popped the gun into his mouth & pulled the trigger. Several TV stations let the horrible footage flow to its gory ending. That cold January afternoon is immortalized on these t-shirts; deadly black ink on Heavy Duty 50/50 'budd' green or 'blood' red shirt.

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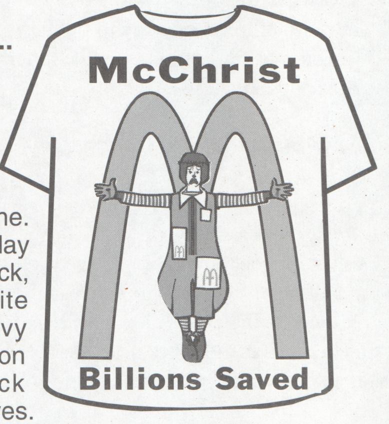

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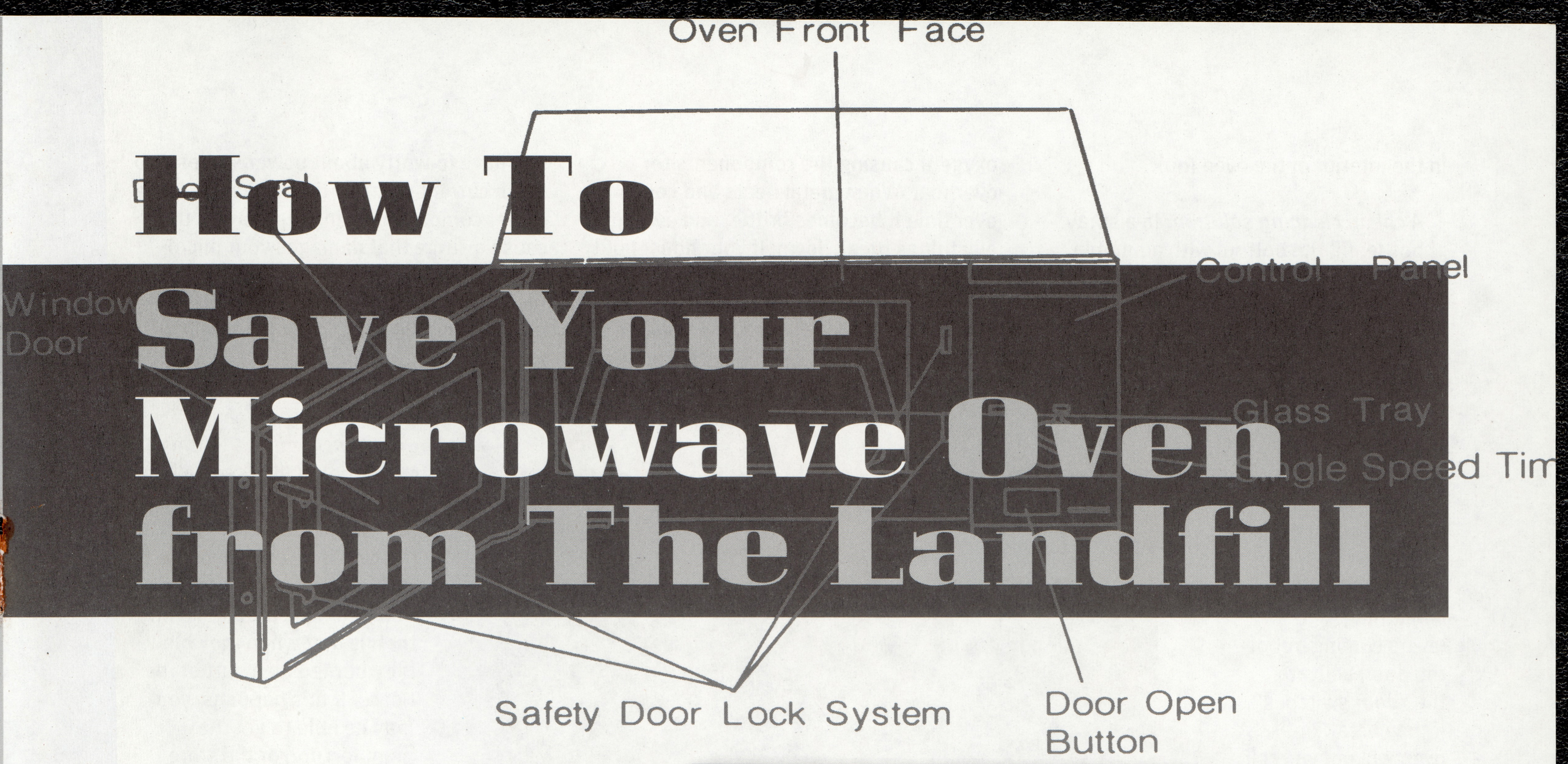
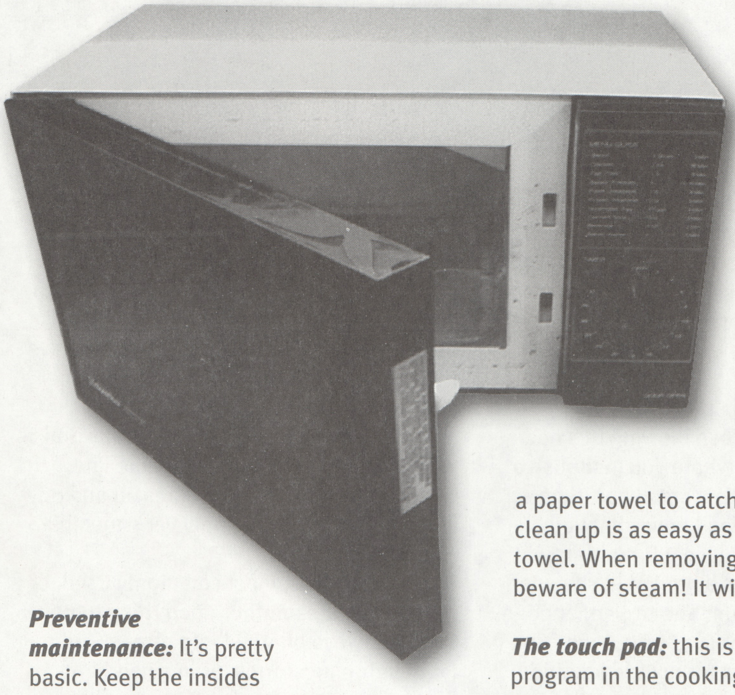
How To Save Your Microwave Oven from The Landfill





by Marla Vee

I used to repair microwave ovens for a living, along with a multitude of other household products. I did this for about 15 years. The trend these days is to manufacture cheap appliances. This is great for the consumer, bad for the repair shops, and the environment, it has become cheaper to replace than repair. Here's a few tips on what you can do to keep your microwave working.

First: Read the owner's manual, for an average reader, it won't take that long. If it saves you money, by making your new oven last longer, it's worth the time. The manual will also explain the warranty, letting you know how long to keep the receipt... so even if the micro does break down, you don't have to pay any money to get it fixed.

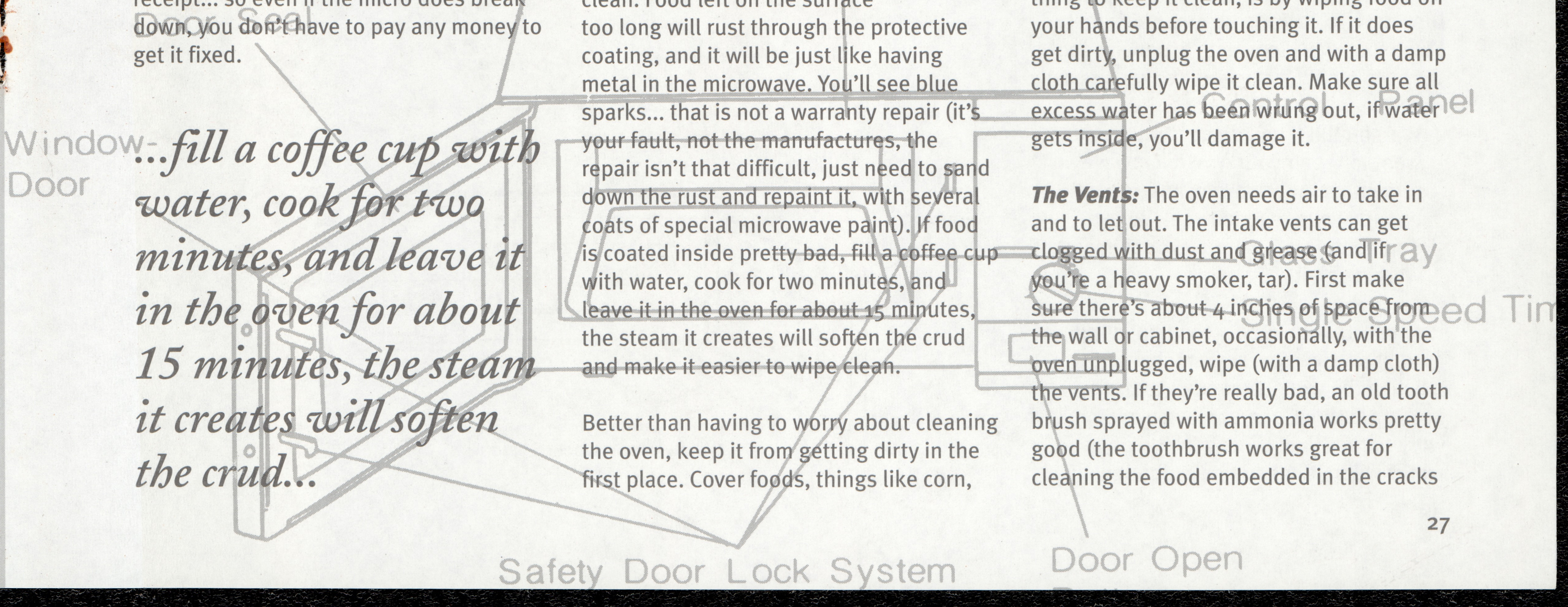
> *...fill a coffee cup with water, cook for two minutes, and leave it in the oven for about 15 minutes, the steam it creates will soften the crud...*

Preventive maintenance: It's pretty basic. Keep the insides clean. Food left on the surface too long will rust through the protective coating, and it will be just like having metal in the microwave. You'll see blue sparks... that is not a warranty repair (it's your fault, not the manufactures, the repair isn't that difficult, just need to sand down the rust and repaint it, with several coats of special microwave paint). If food is coated inside pretty bad, fill a coffee cup with water, cook for two minutes, and leave it in the oven for about 15 minutes, the steam it creates will soften the crud and make it easier to wipe clean.

Better than having to worry about cleaning the oven, keep it from getting dirty in the first place. Cover foods, things like corn, beans, peas, eggs and bacon, with a paper towel. Wet things like soup, or chili, use plastic wrap or a glass lid. Leave the glass tray covered with a paper towel to catch any minor spills, clean up is as easy as replacing the towel. When removing the plastic wrap, beware of steam! It will burn your hands.

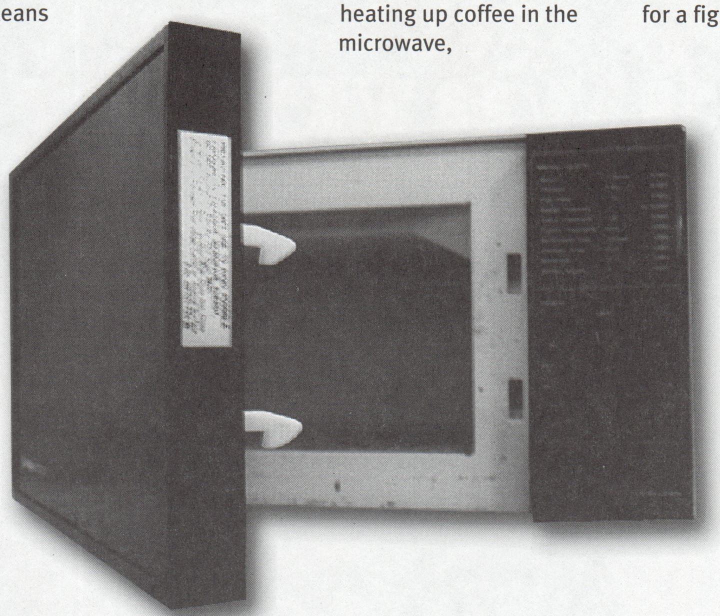
The touch pad: this is where you program in the cooking time. The best thing to keep it clean, is by wiping food off your hands before touching it. If it does get dirty, unplug the oven and with a damp cloth carefully wipe it clean. Make sure all excess water has been wrung out, if water gets inside, you'll damage it.

The Vents: The oven needs air to take in and to let out. The intake vents can get clogged with dust and grease (and if you're a heavy smoker, tar). First make sure there's about 4 inches of space from the wall or cabinet, occasionally, with the oven unplugged, wipe (with a damp cloth) the vents. If they're really bad, an old tooth brush sprayed with ammonia works pretty good (the toothbrush works great for cleaning the food embedded in the cracks



in the interior of the oven too).

A cheap cleaning solution: In a spray bottle, fill the bottom with ammonia, add a couple of drops of dish soap and fill the rest with cold water. This can be used on any appliance, its great for cutting the grease (even cleans messes out of carpets).



Be nice to your microwave! Don't slam the door. First off, they make them so cheap these days you're likely to break something. The levers coming out of the door, activate the "door switches", if they break the oven will not work. If the door switches are damaged or food gums them up (back to keeping the oven clean) it will not work. For safety reasons, microwaves are designed with three to five switches, so that if the door is open, at all (even a crack) they will not run. The switches can also go out of alignment when the cheap metal they're mounted to bends.

Power source: A big problem with microwaves is the fuse blowing. It's not like in your house, where you just push a lever and reset it. It's a small part that fails. It's cheap, if you know what your doing you could replace it for under $2. If the repair shop gets a hold of it, say goodbye to anywhere from $20 to $50, enough for some people not to get the oven fixed (I got many free ovens for my friends this way). By law, on any microwave repair, they have to perform an emissions test. Since they have to use an expensive tool, they can justify jacking up the repair cost.

Warning!!!!! If you do get brave, and want to repair your own microwave, remember microwave ovens generate enough voltage to kill you! Always unplug the oven before even thinking of working on it!

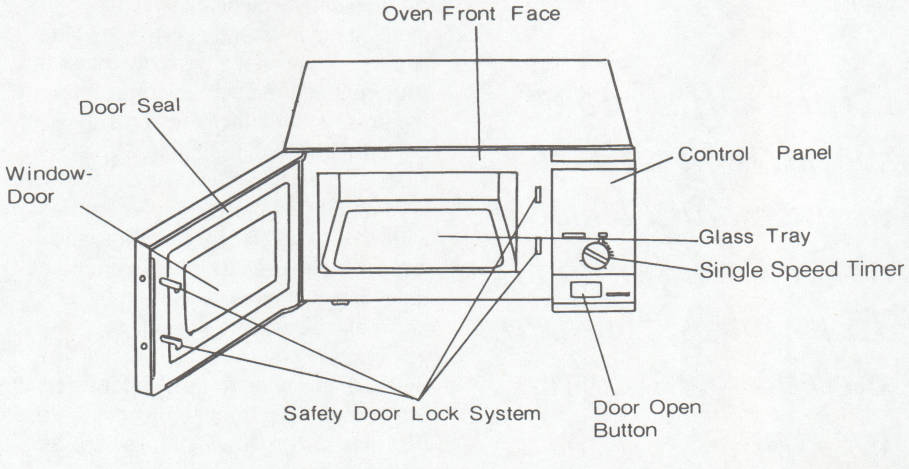
It's important to keep a constant supply of current (of the right amount, says how much in the owners manual) to the oven. You can "starve" the appliance and make it work harder (just think how the body works when it doesn't have enough oxygen) causing the components to overheat. When metal heats and cools, over time it becomes brittle, and eventually things break down. If your household breaker is constantly blowing, you're running too many things on that circuit. If you're heating up coffee in the microwave, and making toast, that's a lot of current being used. Most new homes, or kitchens that have updated wiring , have more than one circuit. You can check your breaker box, and it should list this. If possible have the microwave on it's own circuit. Another appliance in the kitchen that uses up a lot of juice, is the refrigerator. You really don't want it and the micro on the same line, because the way the refer goes on and off, it makes the current supply very unstable.

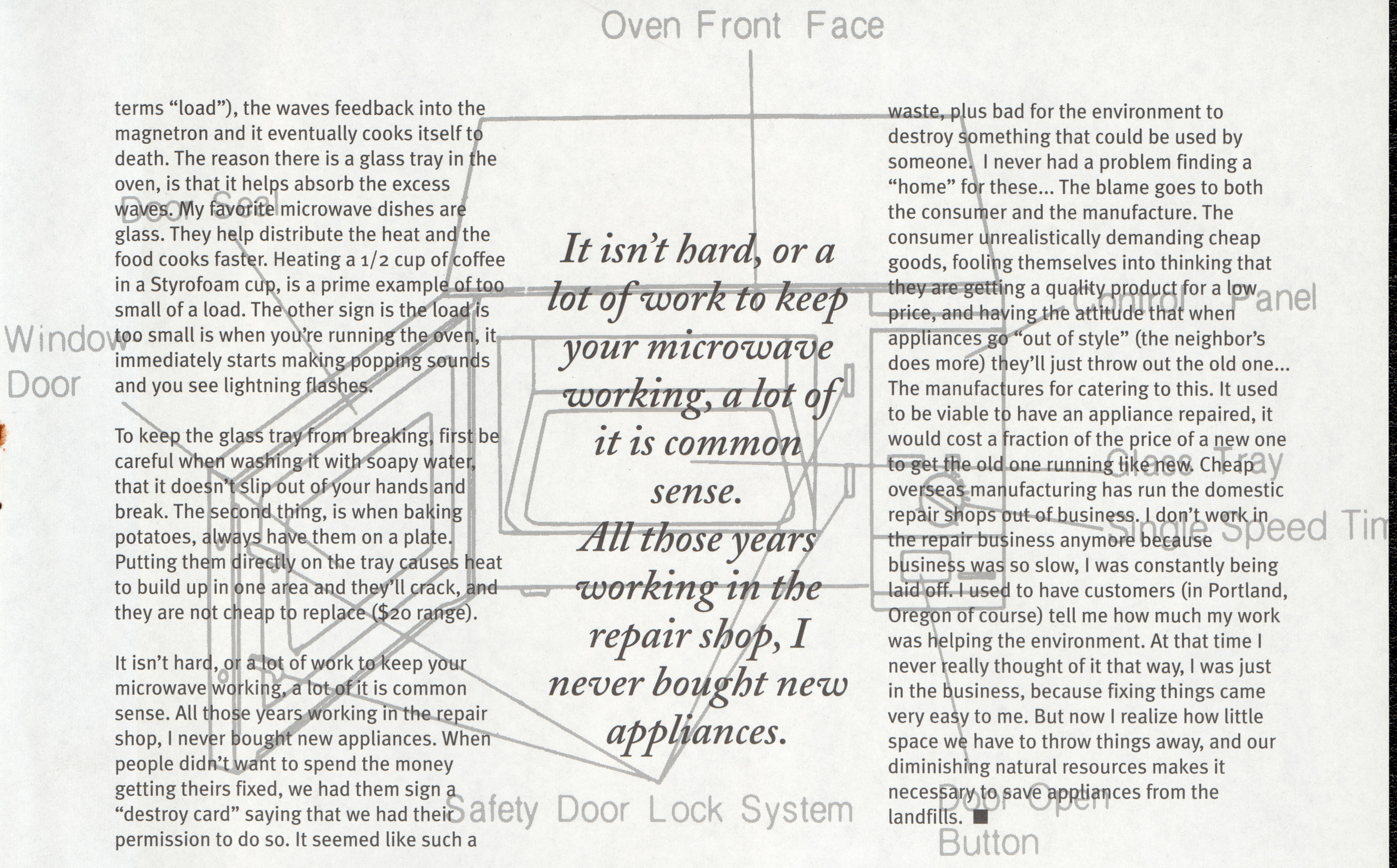
Surge protectors, most commonly used for computers, are another good thing to have the microwave plugged into. Areas with a lot of lightning storms, or in a neighborhood where there's construction going on, you have to worry about power surges, too much current going to the appliance. If the power company is doing repairs and they cause a surge that damages your microwave, you can usually get them to pay for the repairs, just make sure you talk to them as soon as it happens (be prepared for a fight).

Power surges can cause extensive damages to the circuit board. I've seen a lot of Microwave ovens built with the "surge protector" right on the circuit board (I imagine to save money on the production line). The problem with that, is that when they blew, they burned up a part of the board. If this happens, you may be able to get the manufacture, or the store where you bought it, to pay for the repair.

The "magnetron" is the component that typically carries a five year warranty, so save that receipt! If you've lost it already, there is a date code on most ovens and if you're lucky, that will cover you. The symptoms when the magnetron has failed is when the oven appears to be working but the food isn't cooking (although several other things can cause this). Another sure sign the magnetron is bad, is when there's a weird hum and an "ozone" smell (isn't that a pleasant thing to have in your house!).

The way the magnetron works, is it transmits radio waves to the food, which makes the molecules jump around and rub against each other (the same way you produce heat by rubbing your hands together). If there isn't enough food (tech



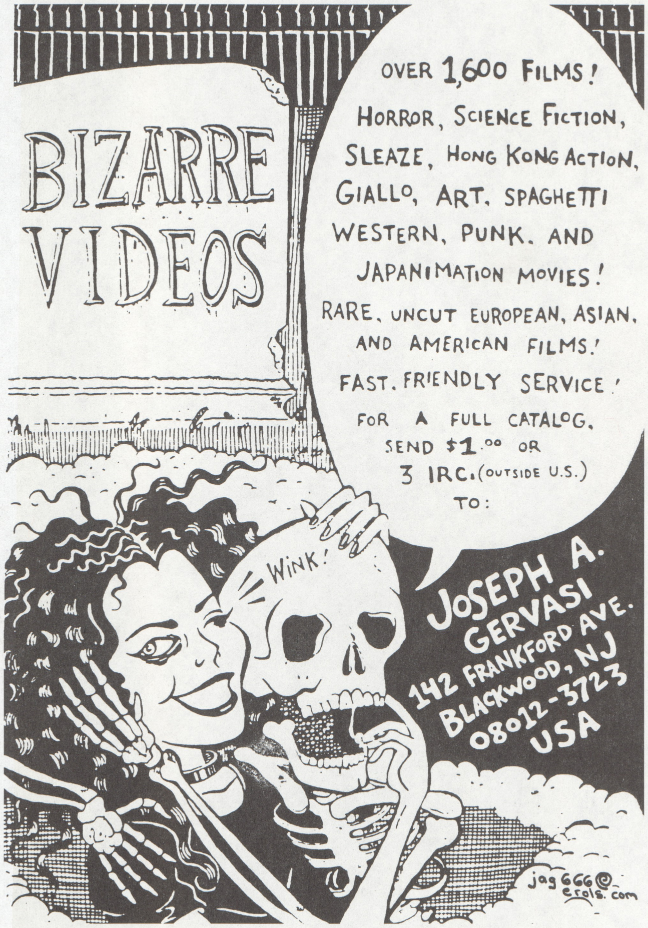


terms "load"), the waves feedback into the magnetron and it eventually cooks itself to death. The reason there is a glass tray in the oven, is that it helps absorb the excess waves. My favorite microwave dishes are glass. They help distribute the heat and the food cooks faster. Heating a 1/2 cup of coffee in a Styrofoam cup, is a prime example of too small of a load. The other sign is the load is too small is when you're running the oven, it immediately starts making popping sounds and you see lightning flashes.

To keep the glass tray from breaking, first be careful when washing it with soapy water, that it doesn't slip out of your hands and break. The second thing, is when baking potatoes, always have them on a plate. Putting them directly on the tray causes heat to build up in one area and they'll crack, and they are not cheap to replace ($20 range).

It isn't hard, or a lot of work to keep your microwave working, a lot of it is common sense. All those years working in the repair shop, I never bought new appliances. When people didn't want to spend the money getting theirs fixed, we had them sign a "destroy card" saying that we had their permission to do so. It seemed like such a waste, plus bad for the environment to destroy something that could be used by someone. I never had a problem finding a "home" for these... The blame goes to both the consumer and the manufacture. The consumer unrealistically demanding cheap goods, fooling themselves into thinking that they are getting a quality product for a low price, and having the attitude that when appliances go "out of style" (the neighbor's does more) they'll just throw out the old one... The manufactures for catering to this. It used to be viable to have an appliance repaired, it would cost a fraction of the price of a new one to get the old one running like new. Cheap overseas manufacturing has run the domestic repair shops out of business. I don't work in the repair business anymore because business was so slow, I was constantly being laid off. I used to have customers (in Portland, Oregon of course) tell me how much my work was helping the environment. At that time I never really thought of it that way, I was just in the business, because fixing things came very easy to me. But now I realize how little space we have to throw things away, and our diminishing natural resources makes it necessary to save appliances from the landfills. ■

> *It isn't hard, or a lot of work to keep your microwave working, a lot of it is common sense. All those years working in the repair shop, I never bought new appliances.*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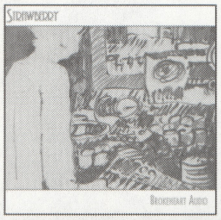

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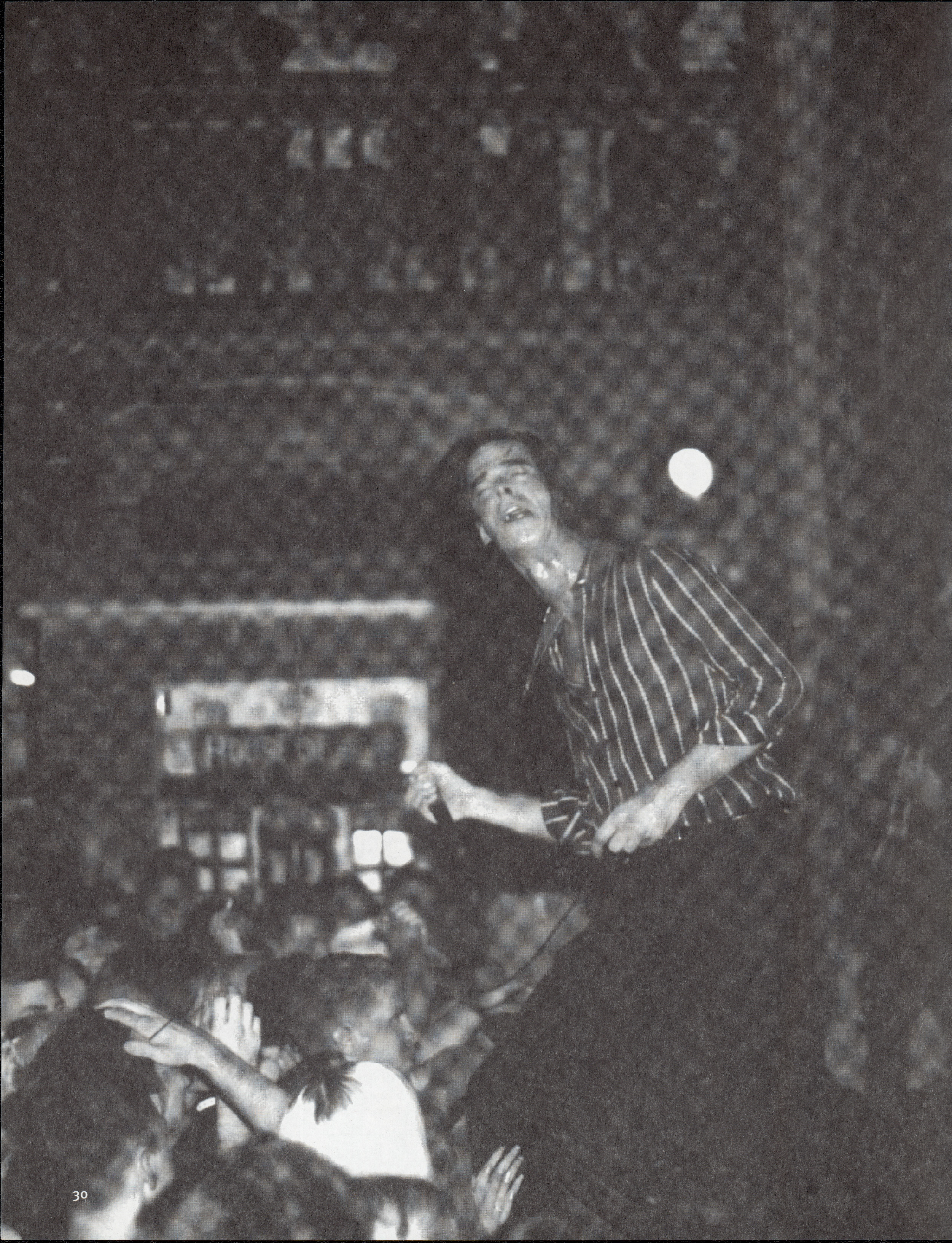
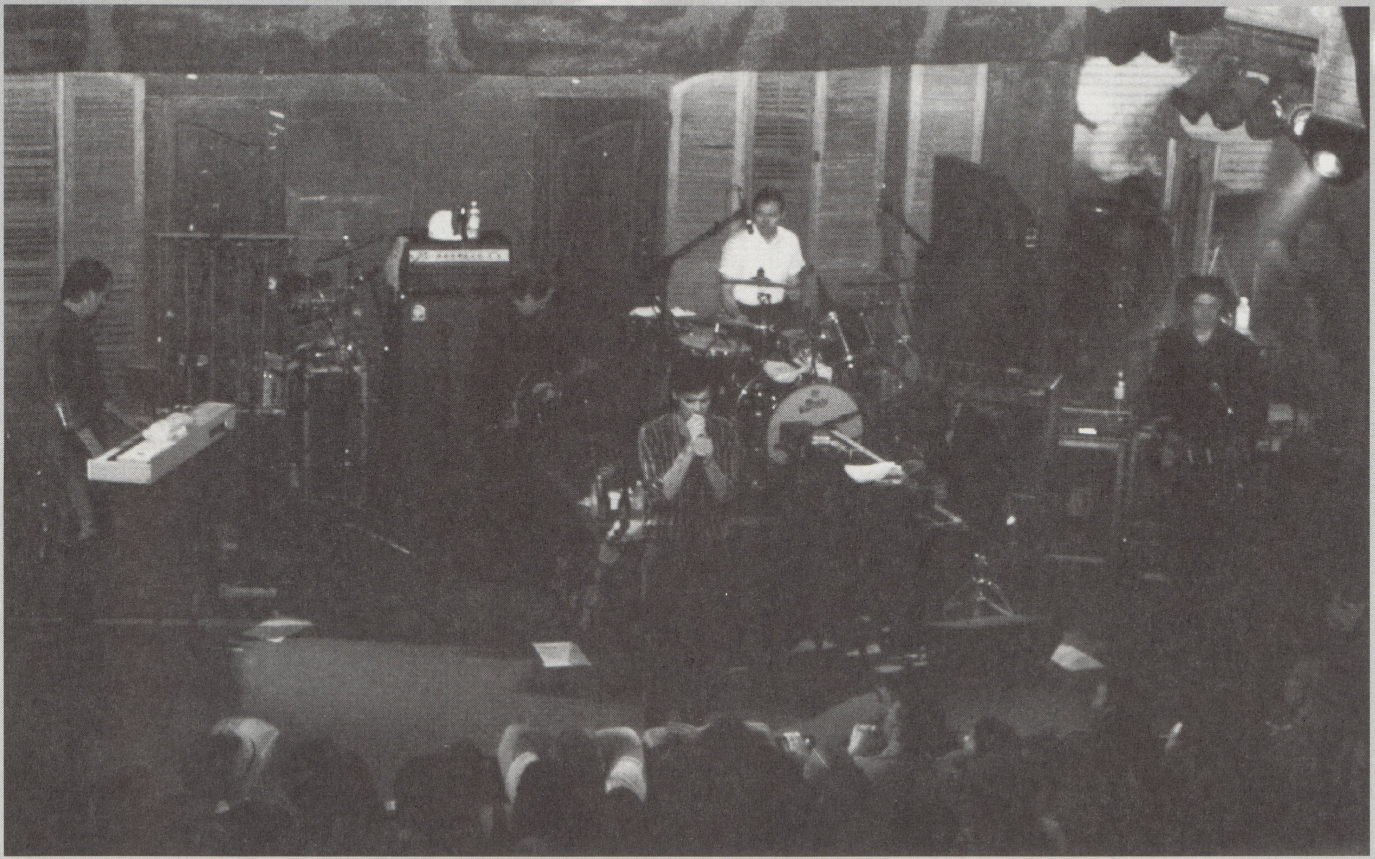

HOUSE OF

Live *Shit*

Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds

House of Blues, New Orleans, Louisiana
September 21, 1998

photos by Steve/Deb

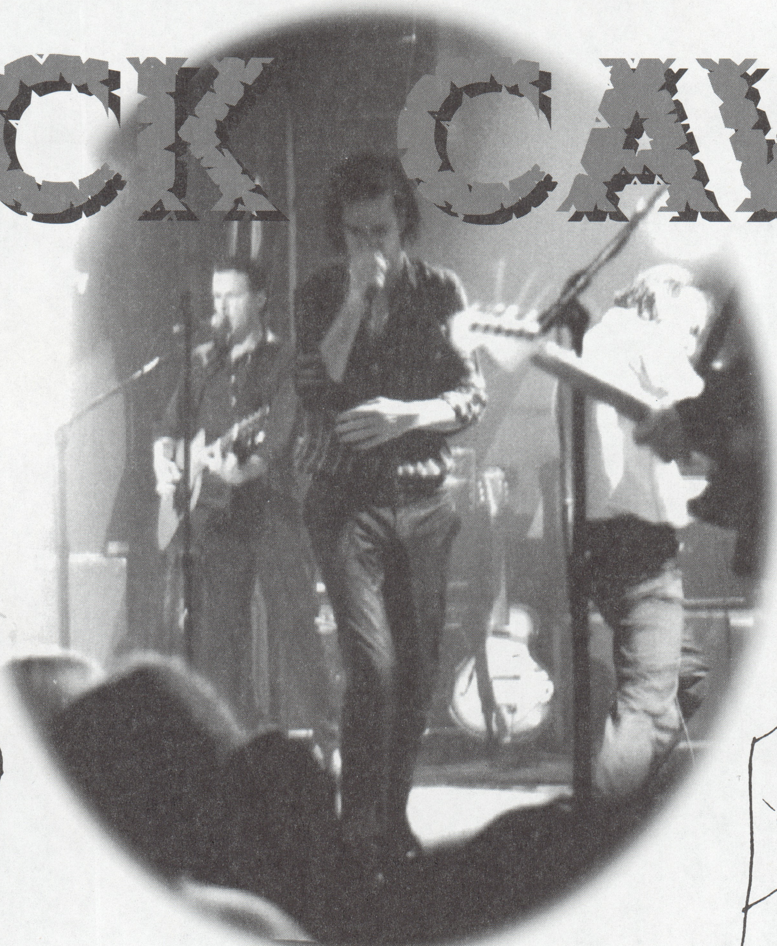


It was by chance, while thumbing through a local music mag, that Deb and I discovered that Nick was playing in the French Quarter on the last night of a recent visit to New Orleans. We were celebrating the fifth anniversary of our marriage, and of our honeymoon visit to the same city.

It's been since 1990 or so that The Bad Seeds have visited our Philadelphia area. That was the first U.S. show of the tour documented in the documentary film *The Road to God Knows Where*. Back then, the Seeds were intact with Kid Congo Powers playing off Blixa Bargeld. The rest of the band consisted of Mick Harvey, Thomas Wilder, and Roland Wolf. Things have changed a bit since then. Blixa remains, but Kid is gone. Now on the violin, and occasionally keys, is the remarkable Warren Ellis who adds a huge dimension to the band. I honestly could not tell if that was Mick Harvey (guitar and keys) and Thomas Wilder (drums) on the stage. In addition to the main drummer, there was an additional player concentrating on 'other' percussion instrumentation. Piano/organ parts were primarily played by Nick, occasionally with a cigarette stuck in the fingers of one hand. Blixa seemed to be singing the female parts

Live *Shit*

NICK CAVE



I AM A CROOKED MAN

AND I'VE WALKED

+ I'VE WALKED A CROOKED MILE

on the duets that were recorded with female vocals. The interesting thing live is that Blixa's "noise" parts come off with more impact… string scratching, reverb spring banging, high pitch vocal screeching… subtleties that were mixed more delicately on the albums that stood out to me more now as I listen back.

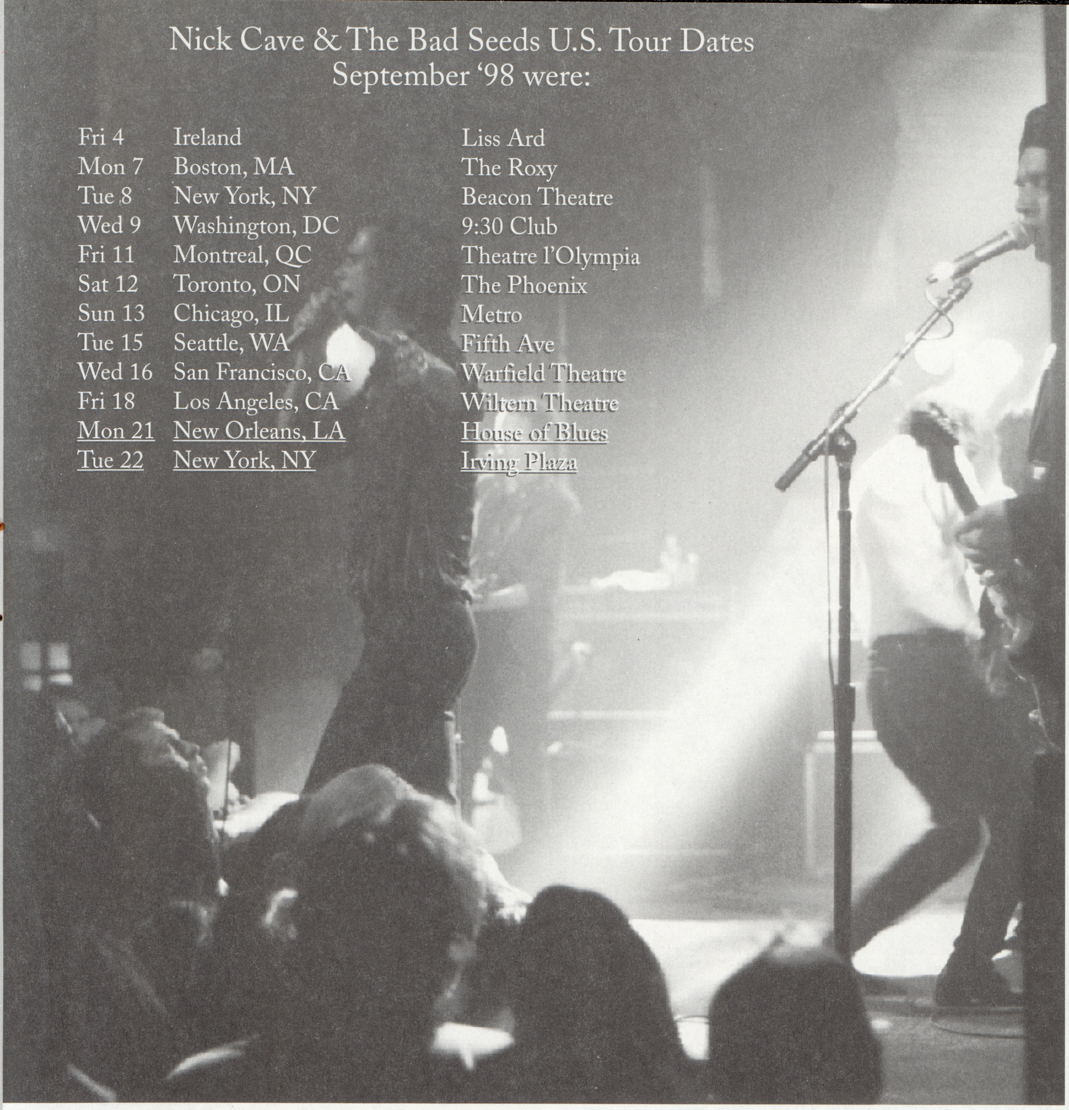
The room couldn't have been more packed. Gaining a decent vantage point was a challenge unless you arrived early enough to pack to the front of the mob. The band had two days off since their previous L.A. show and this one had been sold out for days. The House of Blues has a voodoo/blues theme running throughout which made for extra character and effect. Eerie gothic organ music set the tone in the rustic wooden balconied room full of surprisingly young Seedsters. The band casually strode onto the stage and without wasting a second's time erupted into "So Far."

Actually, not owning a copy of *The Boatman's Call* (I'm still gathering Birthday Party albums), I was a little unfamiliar with a couple of the opening numbers, but was delighted to hear "Tupelo," "Mercy Seat" and "From Her To Eternity" early on. I don't think anything from *Kicking Against the Pricks* or *Your Funeral, My Trial* was represented, though a handful from *Murder Ballads* were. The crowd elated at Blixa's vocal duties on "The Ship Song," from *The Good Son*, which came off huge.

Nick played for an hour and a half with two encores, 1st: "Plain Gold Ring"/"Where the Wild Roses Grow"/"Jack the Ripper," 2nd: "Henry Lee"/"Stagger Lee." He only once scolded an audience member. When some dumb ass shoved a book in front of him for an autograph, Mr. Cave simply asserted, "We're trying to do a concert here." It was a great performance to an appreciative and otherwise well behaved and tolerant crowd. I have to extend my thanks to promoter Christina Kogos at House of Blues who was so accommodating and friendly, unlike Rayner, The Bad Seeds tour manager, who yelled at me for using a flash (it was only for the first two songs Ray, lighten up!).

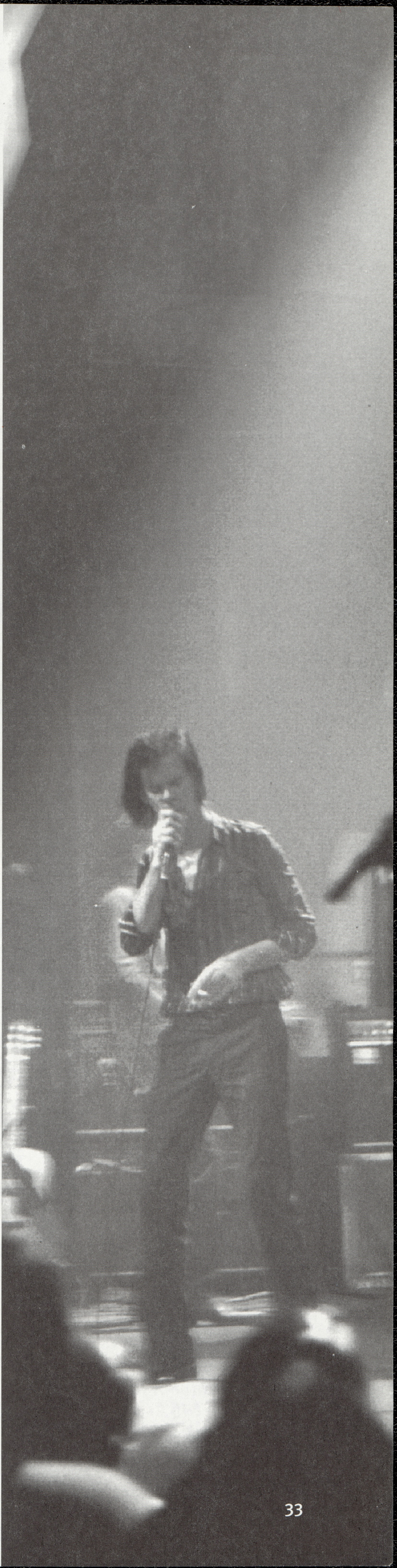
It made the flight home that next morning so much easier knowing we had capped off our trip with a surprise gift like that concert. A great time was made that much greater and we managed to get out of town days before hurricane George washed it away.

Anderson



Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds U.S. Tour Dates September '98 were:

Fri 4	Ireland	Liss Ard
Mon 7	Boston, MA	The Roxy
Tue 8	New York, NY	Beacon Theatre
Wed 9	Washington, DC	9:30 Club
Fri 11	Montreal, QC	Theatre l'Olympia
Sat 12	Toronto, ON	The Phoenix
Sun 13	Chicago, IL	Metro
Tue 15	Seattle, WA	Fifth Ave
Wed 16	San Francisco, CA	Warfield Theatre
Fri 18	Los Angeles, CA	Wiltern Theatre
Mon 21	New Orleans, LA	House of Blues
Tue 22	New York, NY	Irving Plaza



Two nights after returning to PA, I received this e-mail review from "Decay" Garton who attended the following night's tour closer in NYC:

Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds
Irving Plaza, New York, NY
September 22, 1998

Nicholas Edward's birthday bash

Hey,

Last night in NYC Nick rocked the house for his birthday at Irving Plaza. The last US show of the mini tour, the band was in great form. Didn't write down a set list but highlights were: "Tupelo," "Mercy Seat," "Stagger Lee," "Henry Lee," "Red Right Hand," "From Her to Eternity," "Plain Gold Ring," and lots from the most recent CD. Warren Ellis (Dirty Three) was a demon on the fiddle. Blixa was understated yet potent on the electric six-string. Nice percussion/rhythm section, and keyboards were great too. Nick needs some hair attention (a weird Ric Ocasek kinda coif) but worked the crowd into a frenzy while soaking his shirt almost from the start.

Spotted Kid Congo and Mike Gira walkin' around before the show. Hadn't been to Irving Plaza since Halloween 1988 (skinny puppy/nin) but it was smaller than I remembered. Great view of the band, even from the rear of the floor.

Nick said "see you in seven years" at the end. Some people gave him gifts (books, records, etc.) during the show.

Hard on for love,
Dave

PHOTO 1998 PAUL DRAKE

BLUETIP

Records & Stuff We Sell:

116.	**BLUETIP**	**'Join Us'** *	Ⓒ
115.	LUNGFISH	'Artificial Horizon' *	Ⓒ
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Oh My God, I'm Not 17 Anymore!

An evening with The Amazing Royal Crowns & Spring Heeled Jack

by Kathy Mullaney

Photo: BJ Pappas

I feel old here, and I'm even sitting in the over 21 section! The vibes are good though. Everyone here except me seems to know all the words to all the songs (and this is still the opening band, and I don't even know their name—sorry guys.) It does make for a nice surrounding though. But, yet again, it's just another place I don't fit in or belong. But I do at least like this kind of music, although I'm no 'expert' at it or anything. This music is positive and fun and has an edge and makes you want to move and dance. What else could you ask for? Possibly a friend to sit with you while your scribbling this down like a dork at a table alone.

Matt should be here soon at least. The guys in the first band were cute—they looked like my boyfriend (Matt). People really liked them. Nameless cuties.

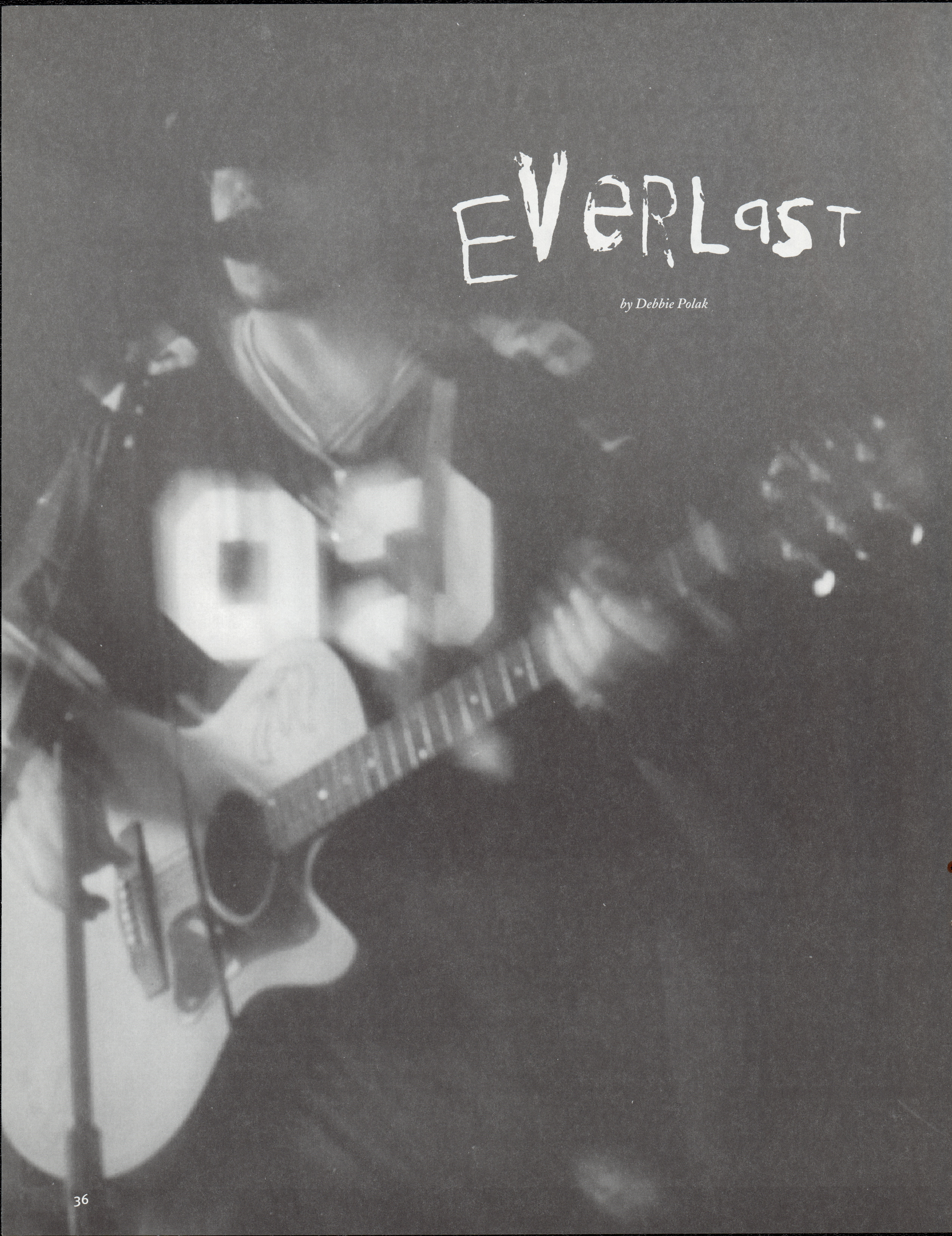
I'm feeling like I'm not 17 anymore. I thought I was (at least on the inside, at least sometimes.) Being somewhere alone sort of makes me feel pathetic. It's like that poor old lady over there has no friends. I'm lonely, where's my cutie? I admire people who can go out by themselves, it shows such confidence and self assurance. Metals to all the loners!

The dj or soundman just played an MC5 song between the sets. It is my fav of theirs. The mood is lifting.

So their on—The Amazing Royal Crowns, you know the band I'm supposed to be writting about. The singer is darling. A great frontman. He must be a drummer at heart cause he plays those maroccas better than Ricky Ricardo! The rockabilly guitarist with the cowboy hat, and the stand up bass player *really* make that singer stand out. They are all real fun and good, damn it. The coolest part of all is that all the kids in the audience are literally dancing their asses off—swing dancing yet. Such hipsters. I don't know who was more entertaining—The Amazing Royal Crowns or the audience. I tried taking pictures of the dancing fools but my camera sucks (its a ten dollar one—that should explain why they didn't turn out). Then the band pulls some dudes on for a horn section and rocked those swingers off their feet. Of cource I'm still sittin' on my ass like an old fart. Matt's here now though, so my pity party is over, bet your glad. Matt, my punk boyfriend really likes the band too, or it could be the Misfits cover they just did? No, he liked them anyway.

OK, maybe I feel 24. Maybe it s healthy to feel this way, probaly not. I think that's called immaturity. I'm 31. God I wish I was still in school borrowing money from the folks to go out, (and dance with these fun kids!) So heres a word of wisdom for the younger folk, (see, I guess I'm wise now cause I'm over 30); don't go rushing to get out of school and start working, go to school forever if you can. Take cool classes and have your parents pay for them, let them pay your car insurance, if you could be so lucky. Oh and or course, make your mom take you clothes shopping at Urban Outfitters every weekend. See I didn't get such treatment. I couldn't wait to work and make money to buy clothes. Now I wish I was 17 again, or maybe 24 would be better. Besides, I never have enough money for clothes now anyway.

Spring Heeled Jack is on now. Their good too, but The Amazing Royal Crowns win the prize. They're allowed to be called that in my opinion (you know, the *Amazing* part). Besides their whole stage set up was cool. Sort of like a carnival show. Especially effective in this old burlesque house—The Trocadero. Spring Heeled Jack opened with some Metallica-like riffs and then broke right into the ska thing. They just weren't as original as I would have liked. It takes a little something extra to win my heart, although I don't want to hurt anyones feelings. The audience was having a great time and the band was rockin, but this little 31 year old had to hit the sack—see I have work tommorrow. But I did pass the most enthusiastic T-shirt seller I've ever seen as I was walking out. He was totally dancing and dressing the part. Hey dude—hand over some of that energy! Now *he* has a fun job! ■



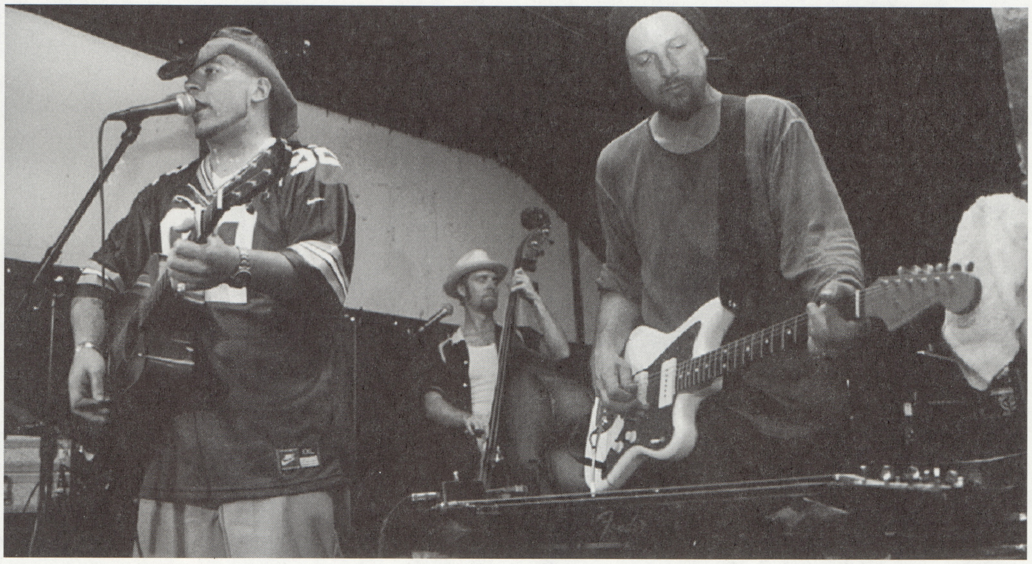
Everlast

by Debbie Polak

Live *Shit*

It's kind of strange to think you can see Everlast (Erik Schrody), former front man of House of Pain, play live and in person for less than what you might pay for his new cd release, *Whitey Ford Sings the Blues*. Well it was true at this event. A mere $5 door cover, at the Pontiac Grill in Philadelphia, left me stunned. Maybe I heard the doorman wrong, but I didn't care if it was more. I gave it total disregard. That pleasant grant was just the first surprise of the evening. Backing him on stage, a tight 5-piece ensemble overwhelmed this onlooker and the rest of the audience.

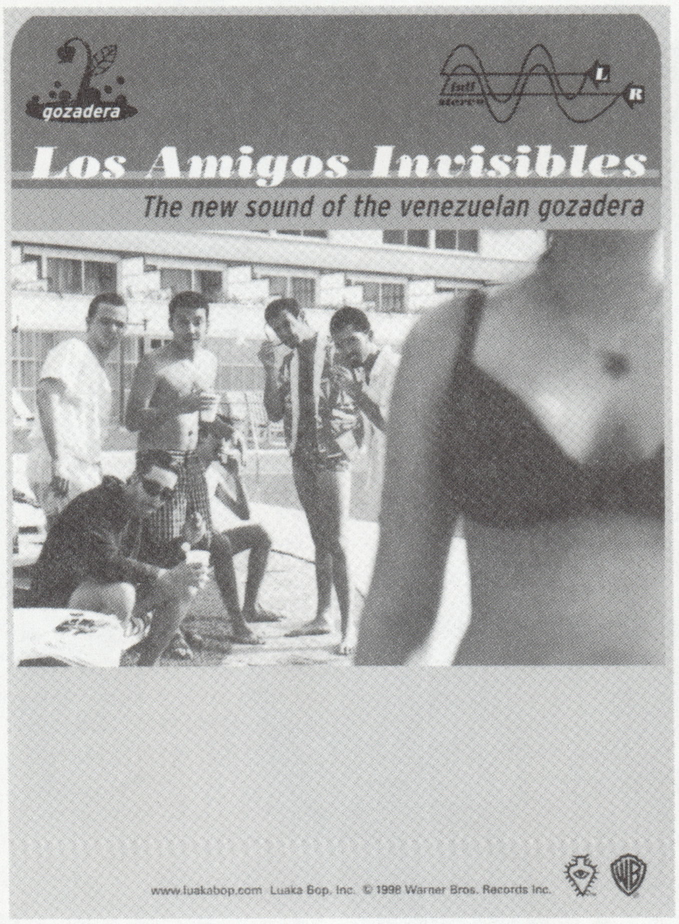
The narrow elongated room, with it's stage at the furthest end of the entrance, was full and slightly hard to manage through from the back, but it was not packed to capacity, which is what I was expecting it to be. Most of the people attending were on the average, in their mid 20s, male and quite possibly Irish. I never saw so many auburn goatees in one room. They were rather polite, offering me guidance closer to the stage to take pictures, but not without a gratuitous stroke of my back in the process. It happened a number of times, I couldn't help thinking 'is this an Irish thing?' I wonder if the six other girls there thought the same thing.



By 12:30 Everlast—sporting a Green Bay Packers/Reggie White jersey, a weathered leather outlaw hat and khakis—stepped on stage with his band, to an uproar from the audience. A small pit broke out in front of the stage. Fifteen or so, fired up by the intensity of waiting what seemed like a lifetime, exploded onto the floor. But midway through the first song they were lulled by a different sound, which eventually brought them to a standstill. The intensity was there, heavy and consistent, but the sound strayed slightly from the House of Pain signa Everlast was known for. It was more of a bluesy emotional music, something that would strike a personal nerve leaving you paralized. Hence the die down of the pit.

Each of the five band members had a concise style and changed often to disparate instruments. They seem to really trance off into their own groove playing off each other in one hand, and connecting in the other. It was fun and eye-opening to see. Each song was a precise replica of the recorded track, which made it way cool when you see how its done. I found myself watching the band, more than it's leading man. My ears pricked up when I recognized a distinguishable, quirky, repetitious six notes piercing out above the rest, during *Money (dollar bill)*. At first I thought it was the clever scratching coming from the low key dj off to the side, but as I scanned over the stage I saw the sound bouncing off the fingers of a contemporary Beethoven, from an old worn clavinet. Up close, I noticed a couple keys missing and through my impolite staring, caused the pianist to be a little uncomfortable while he was packing it up. But my staring was one of a respectful kind. There were a couple old timers up there braving the tastes of a digital generation, including stand-up bass and steel guitar

As I watched Everlast on stage peering out from under his hat like Clint Eastwood, I wondered if we would get the chance to see his scar pictured on his cd's inner sleeve—a good ten inches long, down the middle of his chest. It so happens on the last day of recording *Whitey Ford ...*, Everlast tore a muscle in his heart and had to be rushed to the hospital for open heart surgery, as a result of a heart defect he was born with. He passed on to the other side briefly, only to jump back with more substance and soul (in a musical sense.) As he pound on his acoustic Guild, I thought of that hard reminder of death, and how prolific his insight must be, when songs like *Death Comes Callin* and *Painkillers* were written before his incident. But Ever' is callously fighting the battle, and went so far as to reprimand the audience not to blow their smoke directly at the stage. After the second song he made it be heard, "Someone blew their smoke right at me, don't blow your smoke at me...Yo man, I'm just trying to stay alive." Most bands would never jeopardize their popularity by scolding their fans, but Everlast tells it like it is. His sincerity is seen in his actions and heard in his music. ■



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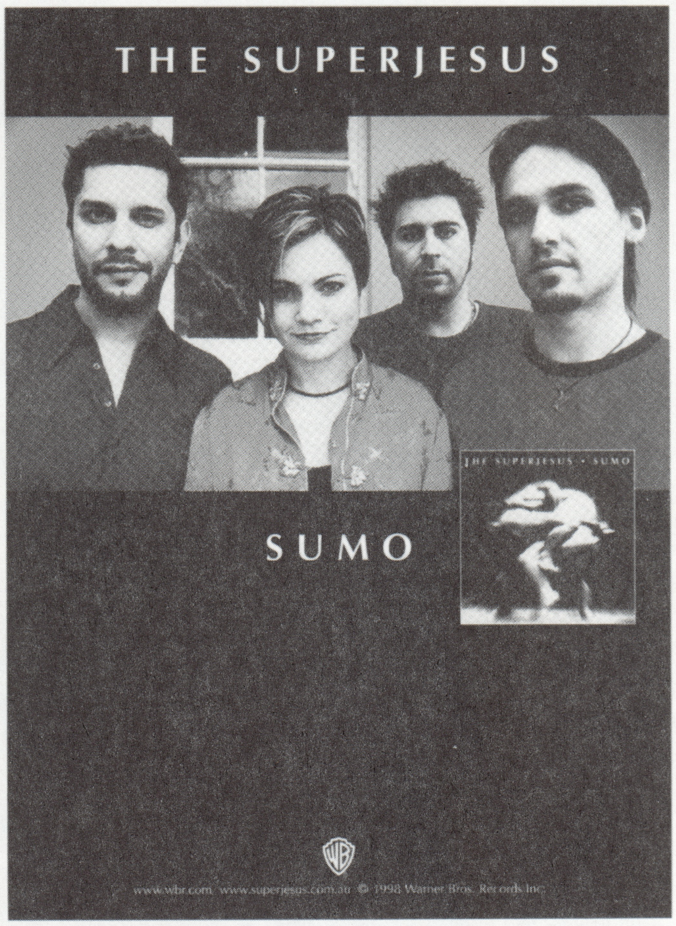

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Music *Reviews*

Babe the Blue Ox
The Way We Were cd

This album is really too good for words... but I'll give it a shot anyway. I have to keep shaking my head to remind myself that all this beautiful sound is coming from only three people. There's a gargantuan change in "Sheila," a song about teen rejection, which feels like a musical tidal wave collapsing from overhead without warning. It is a big album.

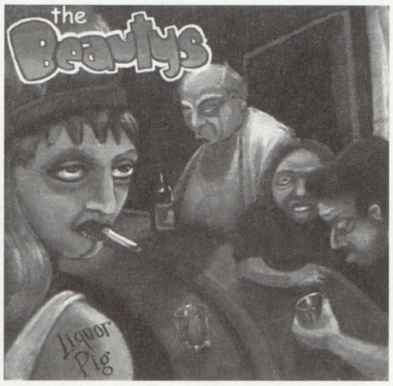
Babe the Blue Ox

I was also impressed by the unit's ability to express a range of emotions while exploring so many genres. The band obviously has a clear understanding of jazz, funk, punk, fusion, etc. Even though Babe' are only three, there is an overwhelming amount of clever overdubs that fill this release out. Everything is laid to tape so nicely. The overall sound is bold, full and powerful, my hat comes off to the production skills exercised by engineer, Steve Thompson.

I can also say from experience that this band will take your breath away live as well. Seeing them perform years ago, I can recall how their on-stage sound hit me. I would close my eyes and feel the hard, precise bass lines of Rosalee rise from the floor , through my feet and spine until it threw my eyes open again for another look at the big picture. This is as heavy a pop band as you're going to find. They've always seemed to concentrate on letting the songs evolve from the rhythm section. I'm glad Babe the Blue Ox have remained intact all this time. sa

RCA/BMG • 1540 Broadway, New York, NY
10036-4098

The Beautys
Liquor Pig cd



If I would be so bold as to suggest a pick for a best cd of 1998, I would have to answer today, The Beautys' *Liquor Pig*. There are too many songs that jump right out as favorites: "Shut Yer Pie Hole," "Happy In Fort Wayne," "Not a Punk Rocker," "We Are The Beautys," and "I Wanna Kill My Boss" to name a few.

The amazing Chica Baby sings and plays guitar. Poopie Pants is on bass and Cheeto Finger is on the drums. The lyrics pour out as corny tales of shit the Beautys encounter... and drinking. The tempo is fast, the playing is superior. The cd comes in a jewelry gift box with a cocktail umbrella and a paper Beautys cocktail recipe place mat.

I'm not sure where they came from, but I'm glad I caught this disc and I hope to hear more—soon. Once you hear a lyric like 'Smokes GPCs by the carton/ Never even heard of dead Dean Martin' you become hopelessly hooked. sa

Beeb • P.O. Box 10037, Ft. Wayne, IN
46850 • thebeautys@hotmail.com

Adrian Belew
Salad Days cd

Adrian has shed his electronic sound for this album which is performed acoustically in his home. The album hits highs and lows for me. It's overall melodrama and sensitivity doesn't do much for me, though when his voice rages as on "Men in Helicopters" which is sung against a string quartet, or on "I Remember How to Forget" it is that much sweeter. "Return of the Chicken" is a nice screwed up sounding, flipped out song. There are two tracks "Three of a Perfect Pair" and "Fly" which were recorded live in Argentina and recall the sound of The Talking Heads days with a chorusy sounding flat top and dreamy voice. I really prefer a more plugged-in Belew, but it is rewarding to witness all facets of this talented man's ability. You know, Zappa had a good eye for talent. sa

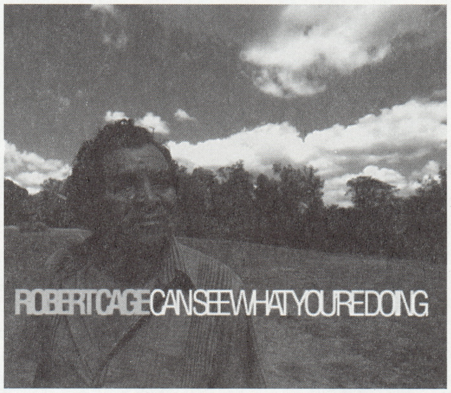
Thirsty Ear • 274 Madison Ave.,
Suite 804, New York, NY 10016

Robert Cage
Robert Cage Can See What You're Doing cd

This Louisiana born, Mississippi bread musician is a complete gentleman. I say this because I recently had the opportunity to witness a performance, as well as meet him afterwards. In meeting this blues maestro, I tripped Freudily over my words 'That was a terrific set, Mr. Johnson!' "That's Cage," he replied. What an asshole. What was I thinking? I don't know if I had Fat Possum founder, Matt Johnson's name on the tip of my tongue, or if the set of raw, inspired, stripped down blues I just witnessed had my mind thinking of some other Mississippi

Music *Reviews*

bread legend. At any rate, Mr. Cage didn't make me feel uncomfortable about my blunder, in fact he went on and chatted with Debbie for 20 minutes, while I introduced myself to label-mate Hasil Adkins.



This singer has retired from his lifelong profession of diesel mechanic and has put his talents to far greater use in the immaculate recordings found here. "Good night Irene" is pretty and eerie, and as the last track on the album, stays in your head for days after hearing it. "Get Outta Here" preaches that 'ya shouldn't a had a baby/quite so young'. "Instrumental #5" (track #4) displays Robert's unique ability with a roaring, rumbling, overdriven electrified six-stringer. His aggressive attack on a guitar combined with the high pitch harmonic twangs he extracts make Robert a man with a style all his own. sa

Fat Possum • P.O. Box 1923, Oxford, MS 38655-1923
www.fatpossum.com

Chapstik
Whiskey Time cd

The more Pabsts I drink, the better Chapstik sounds. It aint that you have to drink, it's that this stuff makes you want to drink (more). Here you have three San Antonians kicking out this blistering noise, sans bass, that makes you drain can after can. The shit's on fire! "H.O.T.T." is a killer. There's also a live track included titled "Ham Hokk" a song about what dude's momma used to serve him in Louisiana. The wah-wah's out of control on that one. Most of the songs clock in safely under 2.5 minutes while kicking you in the ol' poop hatch at the same time. I think I'm keeping this one. sa

Reptilian • 403 South Broadway,
Baltimore, MD 21231

The Crusaders
Fat, Drunk & Stupid cd

THE CRUSADERS

Here are four bowl-cut Australians harnessing the power of surf, trash and the iron cross. A raging singer that never holds anything back, accompanied by spine tingling, buzzy guitars throw this one way past the trash heap. It's like watching a Russ Meyer flick on fast forward. Raw and dirty, fast and squirty. This release has some different tracks than the Aussie version which was released on Swiveldisc. Awesome. sa

Dionysus • P.O. Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507

Dead or Alive
Nukleopatra cd

Dead Or Alive, one of the latest bands from the 80's now making a comeback, have finally gotten around to releasing this one in the US. I was never a fan of these guys(?) back in the day. It's just lately that I've been picking up their old stuff. What can I say, I'm a sucker for dollar vinyl. I started with *Bad, Mad And Dangerous To Know*, since it contained at least two songs that I recognized. I was surprised to find a well written album. They certainly had a way with the dance floor friendly pop song. Not a lot has changed with DOA1998 except for some techno touches. The songwriting is still strong, as the band has retained it's core writers, vocalist Pete Burns and Steve Coy, who also produces this one. Besides the 10 new songs, it also features two souped up versions of "You Spin Me Round". The covers of Blondie's "Picture This" and Bowie's "Rebel Rebel" also work quite well and fit in nicely with the new material. Regardless if you liked them or not back then, you might just enjoy this one. fr

DEAD OR ALIVE
NUKLEOPATRA

Cleopatra • Sunset Blvd., Suite 5678, Los Angeles, CA 90046

Einstürzende Neubauten
Ende Neu cd

Who could resist lighting up like a Christmas tree at the sight of a brand new Neubauten studio album. These industrial forerunners continue to redefine their sound(s) on this newest release. F.M. Einheit, Alex Hacke, Andrew Chudy and vampire lyricist Blixa Bargeld remain true to their initial format: break down the new buildings!!!

Music *Reviews*

Each album brings greater songwriting, more clever innovation and starker imagery than its' predecessor. At the time of the release of *Haus der Luege*, I remember thinking "This is it. They've reached their pinnacle and they could never improve on this." I've never claimed to be right about anything, and I was way off base on that one. The band whose symbol is as timeless as their music have turned the tables again. The album's lead off track "Was Ist Ist" chugs right away with a rhythmic wall of noise and chanting reminiscent of *Patient O.T.* days. The symmetrical tongue twisting, 10-minute, discotheque style selection "N.N.N.A.A.A.M.M.M." (an acronym for New No New Age Advanced Ambient Motor Music Machine) shreds preconceptions that these men could be washed under by the hordes of pretenders tinkering with the concepts that were developed by E.N.

Some of their initial crustiness is worn away to reveal a couple of more organized and melodic ballads such as "Stella Maris" which is actually a duet between Bargeld and Meret Becker complete with orchestrated strings, and "The Garden" who's chorus echos the overheard words of an elderly English woman in a museum 'You will find me if you want me in the garden, unless it's pouring down with rain.' This is an indestructible band who I give thanks to (unless I've got this wrong) Jim Thirwell, for bringing them to the attention of the states in the mid '80s. sa

Nothing/Interscope • 1900 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1230,
Los Angeles, CA 90024

Fifty Tons of Black Terror
Demeter cd2/Remix ep

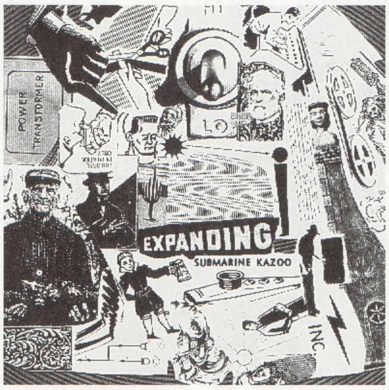
This album kicks hard from the start with its opening track, "Voyeur's Blues" which took me all the way through to the remix ep included. But regardless of what others have described this U.K. quartet as favoring; Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, Birthday Party & Big Black, my first impression was Boss Hog, Jesus Lizard, Crime and the City Solution and Monorchid. It is still a similar grouping, but that's only if you need comparisons. Simply said, "Demeter" is a great album and Fifty Tons of Black Terror is a great band.

This their American debut, "Demeter" won't have to battle the high winds and great waves as it's original counterpart did in *Dracula*. It will finally make it here in spite of record label problems. And when it gets here, no one will be able to resist it's hypnotic and enticing sound, heavy bass and desperate vocals. The vocals always seem to stay behind or slightly beneath the other instruments, making the music sound live at the time you are listening, and probably the same substance which makes this album stand out. One thing you can't miss in each song is their musical influences. But once each idea is put together, Fifty Tons creates a landscape of sound and power. dp

Beggars Banquet • 580 Broadway,
Suite 1004, NY, NY 10012
www.beggars.com

Hironymous S. Halfpenny
Expanding Submarine Kazoo cd

Garth Forsyth, a.k.a. Poor Luther's Bones, has been mailing us these wonderful homemade recordings from rural PA for a decade now. They're a little bit country, a little bit carnival like, a little bit over the deep end. This is music that is void of any effort to attract the attention of any one audience, or to duplicate any typical genre. It's wholesome, experimental, and very American sounding. Storytelling is supported by acoustic guitars, crosscut saws, kazoos and tape snippets. If you don't want to be upbeat, this is the soundtrack. I like the screwed-up sounding bits. "Big Al's Waltz" is good for that *Eraserhead* feeling. Fans of Palace, Ween and Tom Waits will rejoice! sa



Heavy G Records
17 Covered Bridge Rd.,
Oley, PA 19547

L.E.G. Slurp
Foolifingo! cd

This album is basically from the mind of Leon Gruenbaum whose patented musical device, the Samchillian Tip Tip Tip Cheeepeeeee (a midi keyboard with interval pitches, rather than fixed) is featured heavily. Leon and his music are corny and pretty lovable. Quirky ditties about inanimate objects and deep moods whirl and bounce about the length of this cd. Leon must have been bread on a heavy dose of Frank Zappa and Thomas Dolby. There are 19 technology-embracing cuts

Music *Reviews*

on this hour + cd. Apparently, L.E.G. Slurp performs often (with or without a venue) in New York City. I would like to see songs like "Erroneous Mom," Organic Guy" and "Banana Coroner" performed live. Maybe this will come to a Philadelphia venue soon. There are so few reasons here to go out anymore. sa

Sergeant Dan's Records • www.samchillian.com

Los Ass-Draggers
Kings of Cheezy 7" ep

This is smoking, trashy, just tear it up, rawk-n-roll recorded and performed as hard and raw as possible by a band formerly known as the Smelly Fingers, an equally low-class title. This is the kind of shit that could really ignite a room full of passionate drunks into a frenzy. They have a song called "F.U. Dirty Old Man Beatles Fan." While practically all of the lyrics on all four of the songs here are unintelligible, you gotta give 'em credit for thinking up funny-ass names for their band/songs. This is the real deal. I'm ready for more. sa

Get Hip • P.O. Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15233

Lux Aeterna
Humming Out Spools of Thread cd

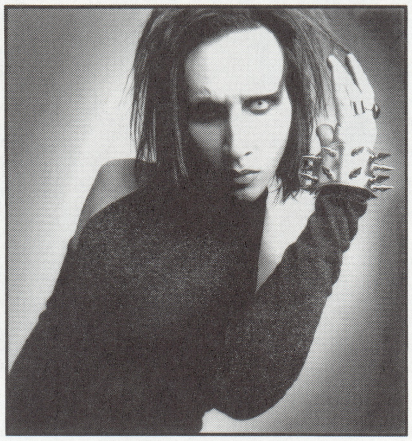
I've listened to this four or five times now and all I can really say about this Baltimore combo is... I like it. A lot. Many popular music genres and themes are presented with much imagination and a singer wearing his heart on his sleeve. There is a nice mixture of traditional/acoustical sounds and electronic fidgeting. There are lots of organs, and the songs are fresh and loosely arranged. It's occasionally nice, occasionally twisted, but always a rewarding listen. sa

Magic Eye • P.O. Box 603033, Providence, RI 02906

Mar1lyn Man5on
Mechanical Animals cd

This album is classic rock in the making. It's structure is sound, it's foundation is as lasting as Ziggy and T-Rex, from the backing vocals on 'Rock is Dead' to the ballad of a dead astronaut called 'Disassociative'.

At this time, I'm sure everything that can be said about Marilyn Manson has been said. This man and his band have been around a while, considering the accomplishments of many modern day artists. Though the band has had some minor adjustments: more polished in music, less gruesome in looks. Manson is a beauty, but I see more changes to come, extreme changes. He doesn't seem to be the type to stay in one character for too long. Straight? Maybe. Swing? It's possible. So save up your money for that new wardrobe.



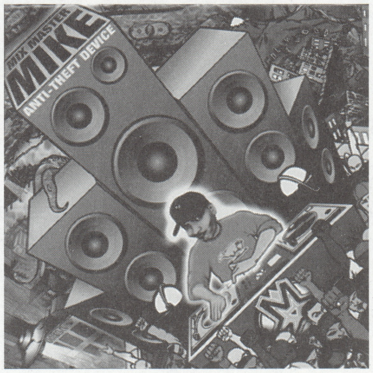
I've never paid much attention to the music of Marilyn Manson, which was much harder for me to digest in the earlier days, not to mention the appearance of the band. But I like this new album, and the fact that over time, a small band doing interviews for 1/2 size, folded, xeroxed fanzines is now featured in the big time variety magazines (not just music mags) in some shape or form. They are finally tasting the success they've worked so hard for. dp

Nothing/Interscope • 1900 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1230,
Los Angeles, CA 90024

Melt Banana
Charlie cd

Now here's an album that will tire your ears out. Noise, scratching, hyperspeed guitar/vox/drumming, wac sampling and an overall tempo that just resembles a runaway horse. This'll do to your head what Negativeland did to it the first time you heard it. I can't imagine laying down all these tracks in succession. They must have either ate a ton of sugar or they possess the metabolism of 95lb. teenage virgins. You'll crave a Xanex by the time it's over. Whew. sa

A-Zap records • 2-11-13-102 Midorigaoka, Tokyo 182-0001
Japan • mltbanan@parkcity.ne.jp



Mix Master Mike
Anti-Theft Device cd

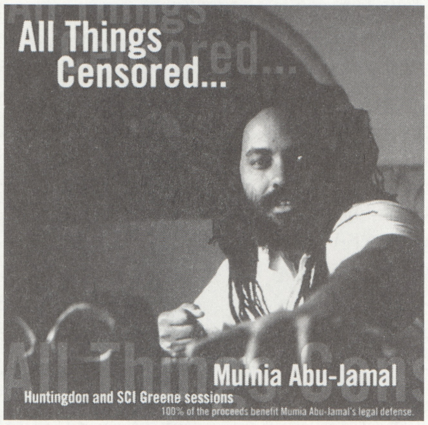
This is a devastating, multi-textural, turntable inspired masterpiece that would make the evasive Schooly D himself blush. Actually this record makes his other colleague's, (The Beasties) newest release smell like the turd that it is. Press-releases inviting editors to see M.M.M. on tour with the aforementioned "dreck merchants" turned out to be a hoax to get people on lists at the tinier more intimate clubs where he was making midnight spinning appearances. No big deal, but

Music *Reviews*

it just gives you a little insight into tricks that publicists play to lure people out to see their artist. I remember years ago when one publicist left the following message on our machine... "All I've got to say is G.W.A.R. and Grammys—call me." Of course neither G.W.A.R. nor the Grammys had anything to do with this slick dude's technique of pushing his crappy artists on someone who otherwise would have no reason to return a call. At any rate, even though I expressed interest in Mix Master's "small club appearances" this publicist never called back. Enough about sleazy industry tactics...

Anti-Theft Device contains 31 inspiring techno/hop soundscapes that open your eyes and ears. Loops and samples from tv land to outer space lay over the mile-a-minute wickies, synthesizers and syncopated dance beats making for an interesting album of this kind. sa

Asphodel • P.O. Box 51, Chelsea Station,
New York, NY 10113-0051


All Things Censored...
Mumia Abu-Jamal
Huntingdon and SCI Greene sessions
100% of the proceeds benefit Mumia Abu-Jamal's legal defense.

Mudhoney
Tomorrow Hit Today cd

After all these years, the 'Honey is still as sweet as ever. This newest release contains some of the more sinister and affected sounding material from this outfit to date. The album's opener "A Thousand Forms of Mind" features an organ sound so thick, you'd swear it was John Lord himself at the keys. There's also no shortage of their trademark swirly, wah, fuz, slide guitar interplay.

The pace continues to accelerate throughout the second number before giving way to a couple of low-down slinky numbers, "Oblivion" and "Try to Be Kind". Mark Arm's voice sounds as young and crisp as it ever has. He's right up front and seems to have concentrated on the importance of his lyrics, and catapulting said lyrics and verses through the chaotic rock band din.

Halfway through the album you've already experienced a dozen different electric guitar sounds and creative applications. And the pace is really slowed by the time we reach "Real Low Vibe," an introspective number that has the distortion boxes in check (except the solo/close that contains extra overdrive, of course). Then things return to a gallop for a couple songs and the organ even reappears, sounding a bit more like a casio this time, on "Night of the Hunted," a track that blows your hair back. "Move With the Wind" shutters with vibrato to a drunken sway kind of rhythm. Things pretty much continue with this tone, culminating with the album's wicked closing track "Beneath the Valley of the Underdog" a 5+ minuter which reminds us of all that the great Mudhoney are capable of. There is also a buried, drumless, unlisted bonus 13th track which is the only thing close to lighthearted you'll find in this package—a goofy unintelligible cow-pokish kind of thing. Really, it's unconnected to the rest of this meticulously composed long player, hence a 'bonus.'

If you can't tell from my glowing, fluffy review, I'm a fan from way back. I was delighted to see this new release turn up from a band I thought had safely retired with the rest of it's unreasonably pigeonholed rock brethren from the beginning of this long decade. sa

Reprise • 3300 Warner Blvd., Burbank, CA 91505-4694
www.RepriseRec.com/

Mumia Abu-Jamal
All Things Censored: Vol.1 cd

This is primarily the sessions Mumia recorded to air on National Public Radio. Just before NPR was to begin airing the segments on their program, *All Things Considered*, the syndicated radio network received pressure from Governor Ridge and the Fraternal Order of Police to cancel the segments... which they did. Hence, this death row inmate has not been censored. As if Alternative Tentacles needs to attract any more legal attention, they have valiantly released these segments here. Contrary to what pundits would imagine, Mumia delves far deeper with these essays than his own case and mission to receive a retrial. Media, class, culture, and of course criminal justice issues are examined here by this eloquent speaker. Additional remarks and statements included come from Assata Shakur, Dr. Joycelyn Elders, Martin Sheen, Ronald Hampton, and the always vocal Ramona Africa, to name a few. 100% of the proceeds benefit Abu-Jamal's legal defense. sa

Alternative Tentacles Records • P.O. Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141-9092 • www.alternativetentacles.com

Orso
self-titled cd

This album was pretty boring and messy. Because you decide to play a lot of instruments—does not a multi-instrumentalist make you. Phil Spirito seems to don all the credit for this project even though there are other contributing members of this group, not to mention a handful of "guests." If you're going to put banjo, lap steel, violin, etc. on your indie rock album, at least do the instruments the justice of learning how to play them adequately first. What a waste of time. sa

Precipice • P.O. Box 146636, Chicago, IL 60614

Music *Reviews*

Ozomatli

Self-Titled cd

Ozo came as a pleasant surprise for me. Discovered by our cd player during Philadelphia's waterfront "Latin Weekend" celebration, we closed our eyes, pointed at the middle of a pile of promos and luckily pinned the tail on this unusually named Southern California 10-piece salsa/hip-hop/toasting/flamenco abomination. What we stumbled upon, that sunny Saturday afternoon was 12 heavily layered, produced and refined songs that make for a fun-ass hour of listening. So much more rewarding than the cold tasteless rice and fried beef/dough thing I ate at the festivities that afternoon.

The rap style on this album verges from straight ahead hip-hop to reggae, to ska, etc. throughout the album. The singing is primarily in Spanish while the rapping is English (better slang words, I guess). The acoustical instrumentation is dazzling. There's a very tight horn section and gobs of percussive accompaniment and strings which keep everything live and festive.

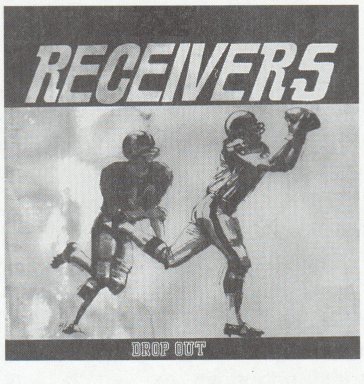
Ozomatli was born out of political demonstration when the band's founder and bassist, Wil-Dog had finished participating in a month-long strike between the Los Angeles Conservation Group and the Emergency Response Unit. Immediately after he put together his band and its' songs, they began exclusively playing for political protests. The band seems to have become something of an overnight success on the streets of L.A. and fortunately have released this beautiful and masterful full length album. sa

Almo Sounds, Inc. • 360 N. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90048-1925 • www.almosounds.com

The Receivers

Drop Out 3 song single

Boy, I'd like to hear more of this band. The first side of this single whips through two songs; "You've Got It Good," an awesome double vocal pop song, and "Boredom" a song with some clever hooks that could easily catch an 80's punk enthusiast's attention.



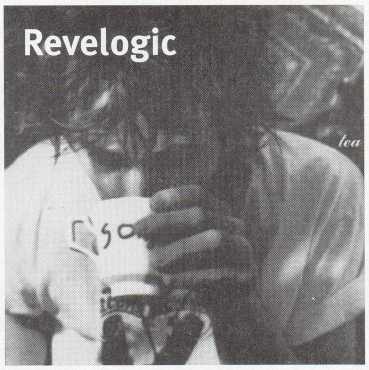
On the other side, "Everything That Glitters" features some hardy guitar playing and reverberated vocals that make this song bigger than what my turntable is capable of pumping out. It's catchy pop Berkeley style that's savvy and witty. Either way, vinyl or cd, I will be waiting in anticipation for The Receivers next release. dp

Cheetah's Records • PO Box 4442, Berkeley, CA 94704

Revelogic

New Pacific Map cd

Marc (Revelodge) makes beautiful songs with simple tools. His 'revolutionary songs for the teapot' draw on your subconscious to dream of past memories. The songs are stories about brief scenes in the world, illustrated with effected acoustic guitars, keys, and innovative multi-track wizardry. It also features efforts by producer friend, Ron Schaffer, former Vic Logic, Jeff Werner, and Tara Burke who adds the inspirational organ sections on "Superfell," my favorite piece of 'Logic so far. These are home made recordings, in that they were all made at home(s). A diary of friends, times and things presented as perfectly as you would expect from a good fucking cd that makes you glad you spent your hard earned dough on it. sa



DeadBeat Records • P.O. Box 313, Southampton, PA 18966

Rosetta Stone

Chemical Emissions cd

If the Stone would've toured in support of their last release I think the set list would've been pretty damn close to this album's line-up. This disc was recorded "live" in the studio in 96/97 and is a good collection of their best material. They also throw in a great cover of the Blancmange wave classic "Living On The Ceiling." Every time I hear these guys I can't help but to picture tears welling up in the eyes of Wayne Hussey. They certainly tip their wide brimmed hats to The Mission on more than one occasion.

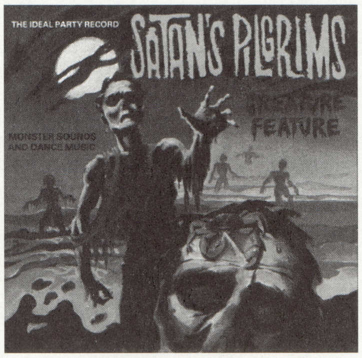
Music *Reviews*

SCREECHING WEASEL

I for one, thought that this was an all new disc until close inspection of the song titles. The first track reads as, "Am I Wrong....ecnahc niam eht rof eye na," the real title of course, backwards. They also hide about 8 songs at the end of the last track, "Subterfuge". These guys genuinely enjoy milking their fan base since they go as far as to print "at pains to keep you in the dark" on the cover. That aside, it is a good disc to own if you don't already have some of their older material. Hopefully this will be the last time they include yet ANOTHER VERSION of "Adrenaline" (a song that finds it's way onto practically every release). If you don't mind, save it for the live show....please. fr

Cleopatra • 13428 Maxella Ave., #251,
Marinda Del Rey, CA 90292

Satan's Pilgrims
Creature Feature cd



'The Ideal Party Record.' Reverb is dripping from the three guitars that drive this album of instrumental surf from the cemetery. Pling and plang, twing and twang... plangh plangh, duh duh duh, plangh plangh, duh duh duh, etc. Smooth, stylistic playing makes each track stand apart as a unique composition while the feel remains intact throughout. The songs move along reminding me of a long, bizarre night out in the cold. This is definitely music from the heart... the heart of Portland to be exact. Them guys make make great rock music out there. sa

Estrus • P.O. Box 2125, Bellingham, WA
98227

STUNTMEN
Cheap Date Serenades

Screeching Weasel
Beat is on the Brat cd

Beat is on the Brat is a re-release of Screeching Weasel's reproduction of the entire first Ramones album. The title refers to a typo on the label of the initial pressing of *The Ramones*. Also included on this cd version is the Screeching Weasel *Formula 27* ep. I like the original tunes better, but it is fun to hear the boys tipping their Chuck Taylors to the godfathers of their sound. While I was excited to see this band invigorated by new releases, they're beginning to over do it. sa

Panic Button • P.O. Box 148010,
Chicago, IL 60614-8010

Screeching Weasel
Television City Dream cd

What do you expect? Shlop? This is Screeching Weasel we're talking about here. The fine standard of excellence we all expect at this point is, of course, achieved. The cover hurts your eyes to look at though. The second track, "Speed of Mutation," a song about dreams, seems almost intentionally manufactured to attract radio airplay. "Identity Crisis" was cool, so was "Pervert at Large"... 'Quarts of Probe and Sta-Hard scattered on the floor/strap-on dildos on the windowsill.' After hearing about a bizillion Screeching Weasel tunes over the years, it's difficult to form something new to say about these guys. This album is enjoyable as any release to date. sa

Fat Wreck Chords • P.O. Box 193690, San
Francisco, CA 94119-3690

Stuntmen
Cheap Date Serenades cd

We have here eight new tales of life from Ben Stuntman's point of view. Augmented by the trademark hooks and energy, the musicianship and production of this new album shines. It begs for repeated listenings. This Philly trio has been pumping it out for a couple of years now and I was elated when I saw this cd show up. No hype sheet, no 8 X 10 glossy–just good, honest, high-powered punk that makes no excuses. Imagine 7 Seconds with Robin Zander singing, and you get a snapshot of the feel of these songs. sa

Thermoplastic Records • P.O. Box 30712,
Philadelphia, PA 19104

Tarot Bolero
Vaudeville Rising cd

It's dark, gothic, and carnival like. The singer, Baron Montaigne, is outstanding. The sound of the Vox organ is mesmerizing. There is also a heavy dose of piano, harpsichord and violin which only adds

Music *Reviews*

to the overall effect. The blackness is definitely offset by the bounciness. Their songs have a bit of a traditional sound in that they sound like compositions that have been heard throughout the eras, not just in the popular music vein.

Tarot Bolero

From the sound and the look of the cd cover, Tarot Bolero is much more dramatic, theatrical in a show tune sort of way, than your average contemporary band; hence the title of this cd *Vaudeville Rising*. Their music reminds me of Jools Holland's "Foolish I Know", with more camaraderie among the band, to give each song that "all together now" feel. sa/dp

Ace Fu Records • P.O. Box 42181, Portland, OR 97242

They Might Be Giants
Severe Tire Damage cd

They Might Be Giants have released a live album that comes well packaged with treats. Coming off an intensive tour with a finely honed horn and rhythm section, T.M.B.G. did a "live in studio" session with the Spin Radio Network at Pachyderm Studios near Minneapolis. In addition to those resulting 16 songs, the cd includes the amazing new studio single "Dr. Worm" and a number of cruddy sounding improvised live tracks inspired by the *Planet of the Apes* movie series.

Of the "live in studio" tracks, truly "Istanbul (Not Constantinople)" and the retooled "Why Does the Sun Shine" are the album's stand-outs. The band is introduced as They *Must* Be Giants. Hmmn. sa

Restless Records • 1616 Vista Del Mar Ave.
Hollywood, CA 90028-6420

Two Man Advantage
Drafted cd

This punk band has landed the "Parental Advisory" sticker when they take on a hockey/beer/porn angle in their music. With songs like "Penalty Box," "Chug It," "Skating Down the Ice," I can't figure out where "Zucchini" fits in. Needless to say, it's fun, fast punk put forth by bands like Murphy's Law, Flag of Democracy and The Mentors.

New York's Two Man Advantage grabbed Royalty Records attention when they moved every one of 2,000 pieces of their demo tape at street level. The band mentions they feel a little bad about re-releasing some of the songs on the Royalty release which they have already released. It's quick with 17 songs at 35 minutes long. But they promise their longtime fans this is the last time, and they will release only new material from this point on.

Over all, a new listener like me can appreciate the album for its energy, old school punk nature, and sense of humor. Royalty seems to be picking winners these day. dp

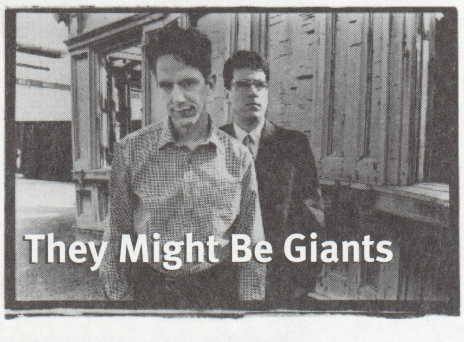
Royalty Records • 176 Madison Ave., 4th Fl.
NY, NY 10016 • www.royaltyrecords.com

Vader
Black to the Blind cd

Vader are 4 Polish dudes playing multiple kick drum, cookie monster singer type death metal. They have a pretty slick, produced sound and evil, horror movie lyrics. It's not bad if you like this kind of thing. For more info, see the interview with them in the newest Grimoire of Exalted Deeds. sa

Pavement Music • P.O. Box 50550, Phoenix, AZ 85076

Various Artists
Pebbles Collection; Volume 2 double-cd



Man, I love this series. This is the second double cd in this set, paying homage to absolutely nothing but obscure garage bands from the year 1966 (Deb was 2, I was -1). From an audio purist's point of view, this does it for me. Sweet reverb, simple arrangements and plenty of attitude. I never new there was a band called The Original Sinners. 54 songs that go great with bongs. sa

AIP Records • P.O. Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510
www.bomp.com/bomp/AIP.html

Various
V2UNES: The V2 Independent Machine cd

The cover of this cd sampler displays an 8-track player with the V2UNES tape in the slot. The back of the cd pictures the tape with the list of songs big and bold, underplaying the artists whose names were in a much smaller type. No real

Music *Reviews*

purpose of stating that, but it caught my attention. My eyes must be going, I really had to strain to read who performed each song. Reminds me of how various artist albums advertised on TV, focus more on the hit song rather than the artist. Hmmm, was it intentional?

HI-FIDELITY
THE V2 INDEPENDENT MACHINE
V2UNES

Regardless of that, this 11 song cd is pretty cool. It definitely gives you a variety of music, from the Lennon style "Opus 40" (Mercury Rev) to the heavy guitar looped, ruff rapping song "Whirlwind Thru Cities" (Afu-Ra) and the emotional purity of "This Purple Child" (Howe Gelb) The whole cd has a pure sound and though it does have a wide range of artistry, the mood swings are subtle. A nice gem if you can find it. dp

V2 Records • 14 East 4th Street, NY, NY 10012

Varnaline
Sweet Life cd

An update: Anders Parker, who is always Varnaline, is rejoined here by the members present on his self-titled album, former Space Needle cohort Jud Ehrbar and brother, John Parker. I say rejoined because the last release, 1997's *A Shot and a Beer*, was a solo acoustic effort. (Hats off to Anders for enduring roaming through both coasts, for a month, alone in a van with J. Cox.) We love ya Jas.

This is a beautiful album. The sensitivity in the songwriting comes out in sorrowful lyrics, masterful acoustic/electric guitar pluckin' and powerful execution. There's a giant kick drum sound throughout, that you would think would clash with the flattops. But with Varneline, I think it's simply developing as part of their sound. There's something very nice about the mix on this album.

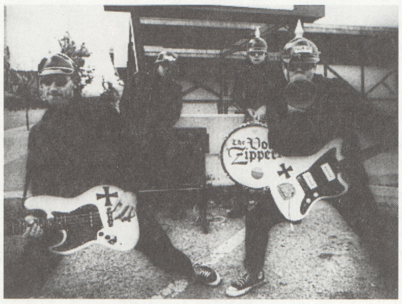
VARNALINE SWEET LIFE

The cd's title track, oddly enough, shows up as the closing song on the album. "Sweet Life" stands out as the most unique track. A bashing, marching rhythm, it sounds as if reverb is wide open on all tracks but vocals. The vocals climb and climb, becoming more passionate than any of the album's previous tracks. The string section enters the equation in the form of upright bass, cello, violin and viola as the song reaches it's breaking point. It's the biggest moment on the album, and consequently, the end of it. Varneline has spent it's song book load again... until next time. sa

Zero Hour • 14 West 23rd St., NY, NY 10010 • www.zerohour.com

The Von Zippers
Bad Generation cd

Yeah, this is just what I needed. Great, stiff-armed, bellowin' rock. Nice, simple, hard drumming and old school electric blues/surf riffin push this baby along. Described as 'pseudo-German' and terminally drunk, the party doesn't stop with these three Canadians. This is late night stuff, the kind of trash to get lost in. All the necessary elements are in place; fuzz, whammys, raunchy singer, organ, smoking tempo. The Von Zippers are flat out. They're also scheduled to tour the States in the spring of this year. These 13 tracks will have to hold me til then. sa



Estrus • P.O. Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227

The White Liars
self-titled cd

This reminds me of the first time I heard Monster Magnet, back when they were on Circuit, before they got all boring and slow sounding. Fat, fuzzy guitars, undertones of Stooges/MC5, just a nice and vintage punk, sludgy groove with sinister lyrics/vocals. My point is that it's fresh, energetic and inspired. A couple of my favorites on here are "People Ruin Everything" (admitingly, the title was swiped from the Goads) and "Heavyset". Simple, clean graphix—Marlboro colors, red, white, black and a hint of gold—adorn the package. Appears to be self-released. sa

The White Liars • 12860 Beach Blvd.,
Suite G-437, Stanton, CA 90680

(Young) Pioneers
Free the (Young) Pioneers Now! cd

The six strings are smoking, acoustic and electric, to set off this Johanson-sounding singer on the latest (Young) Pioneers release. The voice of the proletariot can be detected in the words. I think these guys are from Richmond, I know they did a split with Avail who live there too. This is just classic sounding R&R... harmonica, saxamaphone, tambourine etc. to fill out the tunes which march along throughout this great album. sa

Lookout! • P.O. Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712-2374

Fan*zines*

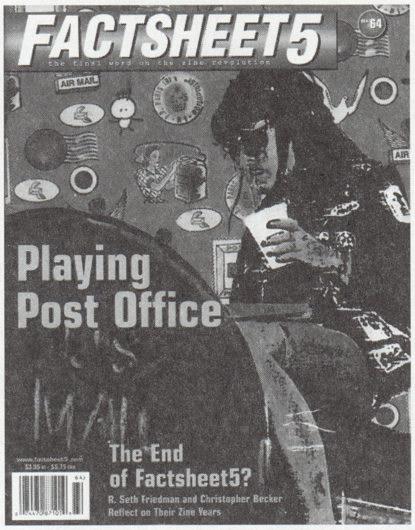
by Steve

If no ppd. price is listed, please inquire with zines before sending $$$

Betty Paginated # 18

A new B.P. always comes full of rasslin, naked women, tv culture and oh yeah, Bettie Page. Don't be surprised to come across the occasional bush shot in this Sydney, Australia produced zine. As for the women in this one: a lengthy interview with porn star Jenna Jameson, an essay (with tons of pictures) questioning the validity of a new biography on Bettie Page, tips to help celebrities improve their home porno shooting techniques, one of Frank Storm's erotic comic strips, a woman's point of view of how it feels to be "In the Midst of the Penthouse Pets," Girlies on the Net, and Them Women of Wrestling. As for the wresting articles: B.P. Rasslin' Awards (Best Promotion: WWF—?????!?!), Confessions of a Ring Rat, The Return of the AWA, Rasslin' on the Net, and Them Women of Wrestling. Lot's of movie, tv, and music reviews round this zine out as usual.

P.O. Box 63, Lyrup, SA, 5343
AUSTRALIA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R. Seth Friedman and Christopher Becker Reflect on Their Zine Years

Bored Again #2.1

This is a Philadelphia, free newsprinter. This issue contains "Part VI—The Murder of JFK: Proof of a Conspiracy, Why he was killed, and lessons to be learned" (I couldn't be bothered), "The 10 Commandments of the Rave Life" and a number of ultra long rambling rants. Pretty personal in nature. No review sections, occasionally funny.

P.O. Box 5088, Philadelphia, PA 19111
boredagain@juno.com

Deal With It #2

This is the last free issue of Deal With It... and deservingly so. Sticking with it's standard size newsprint format for now, the zine is packed full of insightful interviews. Actually 90% of it is interviews. There are some good ones though. The interview of Anthony Michael Hall making editor, Dan Gross, jump through hoops to not "pay off" enough to be granted an interview is an absolute gut buster that confirms what a true ass the arrogant teen star is. I also liked the interviews with Avail (where they talked about recording, sports and community, & who we're seeing tomorrow night!) and the infamous Jimmy Gestapo. Beyond the interviews there are a couple of band profiles, a brief rant on why emo sucks, and a few pages of cd and record reviews.

333 E. Lancaster Ave. #109, Wynnewood, PA 19096

Double Decker #1

Amy Pursel edits this great zine that began as a newsletter for the Allentown label/record store Double Decker records. Thankfully her copier bit the dust thus driving her to publish this new, printed quarterly. There are lots of editorial columns including a good rant by Frank Foe about the addictive uses of sugar by alcoholics and straight-edgers. There are interviews with Burn, The Avengers (reprinted from Femzine 1984), Jeff Matlow from Crank!, Ensign, The Bruisers and Cursive. Also included are extensive scene reports, a punk rock board game, what's going on at Double Decker records, trade and want lists, and record reviews. A lot of pulp, newsprint.

$1ppd., US, $2ppd. world., 803 Saint John St., Allentown, PA 18103 •
Dbldecker1@aol.com

Factsheet5 #64

Yes, sadly it is true. R. Seth Friedman and Christopher Becker will no longer be our guides through the foremost definitive guide to the 'zine revolution. After five years of dedication, they are fried and ready to relinquish control to the next candidate(s) just as it had been put into their hands that half a decade earlier. R. Seth promises fresh ideas in his next zine, *The Jeroboam*, a zine about wine. This issue has two great "behind the counter" narratives about the U.S. post office which zinesters should get a kick out of. There's also a nice history of Factsheet5, and the regular column, "What I've *Really* Learned From Zines." I can't tell you what a service this mag has been for editing our zine. A listing in FS5 always brings hordes of mail, and I have learned a lot in the past by reading about colleagues misadventures out there. For still more from R. Seth, look for the FS5 Zine Reader available at fine bookstores near you. Farewell for now.

$6ppd., FS5 Subscriptions, P.O. Box 170099, San Francisco, CA 94117-0099 • www.factsheet5.com

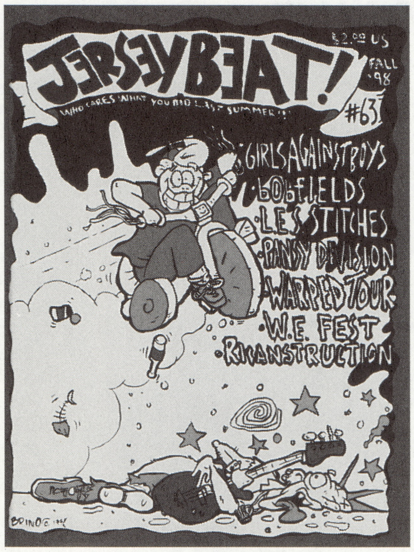
Flipside #114

Al's longstanding bible of punk rock from the West Coast is fatter than ever and still a bargain at the $3 news stand price. The first issue I remember purchasing was #58 (they still had B&W covers back then) and I have rarely missed an issue ever since. #114's cover feature is Damnation, who garnish a four page interview and great color pictures. There's a lot of color on the interior pages these days. It's looking pro as ever. Bad Religion, Designer, All, Avail, Crusaders, Pleasure Fuckers and X-It are also featured.

Festivals featured are: Dionysus Demolition Derby III, Hootenanny '98, and Van's Warped Tour ('Stadium Rock Still Sucks'). Subs are $15/6 issues U.S., P.O. Box 60790, Pasadena, CA 91116

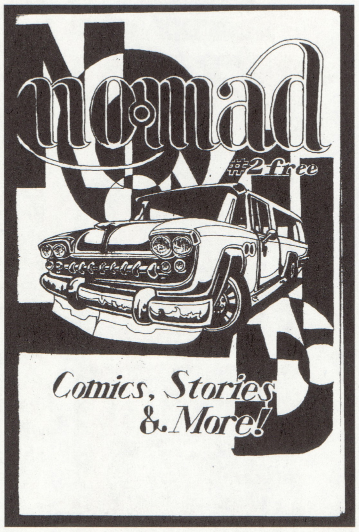
Goody #1

This was the final copy of a little half-sized free zine I found laying on the floor under the bulletin board in my local video store. (Anyone outside the Philly area cannot appreciate the quality of our TLA video empire here.) *Goody* is the bi-coastal drama of two sisters from Massachusetts. Read shopping tips for buying cloths for a "Diva-Size" in a "Baby T-Shirt World." *Goody* also reviews a good amount of porno. In addition, this issue had a funny essay on the New England accent titled "What the Fuck is a Bananer?!". Learn to correctly use and pronounce words like 'retahd' and 'Wal-Maht'. Look for a new issue in the new millennium.
951 Old Country Rd., Box 591, Belmont, CA 94002 • jennaynay@yahoo.com



The Grimoire of Exalted Deeds #12

Plenty of coverage on the Grimoire Girls—death metal dancer sluts adorn the pages. Chris Pelletier, the quiet, secret weapon behind NBA America, even offers his choice for his label's pet. In addition to all the gratuitous T&A, and interviews with Dim Mak, November's Doom, Abazagorath, Diabolic, Emperor, Skepticism, Fleshgrind, Usurper, Judas Iscariot, Avrigus, Lorde of All Desires, Immolation, and a handful of others in this scare-the-grown-ups vein, there's a nice long interview with, yep, you guessed it, King Diamond. This was the Milwaukee Metalfest Issue. There's even a brief profile on Metalfest girl, Mistress Kimi who, when asked 'What sort of vocals dost thou enjoy the most?' responds with the obvious... "I love both beautiful, distant voices calling me away from this world, and screaming high-pitched voices that make my skin bleed." What a lady. Some of the record reviews split my side, though some of these guys have a mean streak towards 'fags' and 'Polaks'.
248 Lakeview Avenue, Suite 237, Clifton, NJ 07011



Gumshoe #2

"A Hundred or So Movies You Need to See..." is a list I would have to mostly agree with. I also liked the rant about being 'perpetrated' in New Orleans. There are also the standard fare zine and record reviews and an interview with Chicago band The Broadways. Pretty good. Brief. On newsprint.
$1ppd., 5500 Prytania, Box 133, New Orleans, LA 70115

Jersey Beat #63

This Fall '98 issue is massive! Jim Testa has been editing this thing since 1982. This issue features interviews with Girls vs. Boys, Pansy Division, Ricanstruction, Mooney Suzuki, Squash, L.E.S. Stitches, Discount; tour reports on: The Tommie Griggz/No Reason, W.E. Festival, Drag Pack, Warped Tour, Alive & Well Hardcore Festival, Fuzzfest & Bob Fields. There are also lots of columns, essays and The Jersey Beat Ska Report. Music reviews are divided into genres, and augmented with tons of cool live pictures.
$3ppd., 418 Gregory Avenue, Weehawken, NJ 07087 • www.jerseybeat.com

Nomad #2

This is a free half-sizer out of Florida. I was initially thrown off by the drawing on the cover of the Nomad (classic car), later to read about nomads (wandering people) Shane and A. Retard, who edit this thing from wherever headquarters is at the time. This issue has an interview with the Teen Idols, and a bunch of contributor's rants and fiction. Not to be missed is the story titled "Story" about the boy who impresses the girl by bashing his head on stuff. Punk comix, biking references and a story about keeping your shit together in jail are some of the other fun reading in this edition of Nomad.
595 Timber Ridge Dr., Pensacola, FL 32534
nomadpunx@yahoo.com

Toxic Flyer #26

This Baltimore zine definitely harkens back to the B.D. age of zines—Before Desktop publishing. Nice, giant-size photos of every cool band that has come through Baltimore lately and the beautifully classic cut and paste strips and blocks of plain type copy to guide you through the punk documentation. This issue includes coverage on Man Will Surrender, Bouncing Souls, The Pleasure Fuckers, Yum Yum Tree, Stisism, etc. Issue #27 should be out by the time you're reading this and is promised to be an all photo issue.
$2ppd., P.O. Box 39158, Baltimore, MD 21212

Under the Volcano #46

The band Avail seems to be everywhere you look these days and the cover of Under the Volcano #64 is no different. Actually there is a pretty long conversation/interview with old friend, and Avail's lead singer, Tim Barry. Another interview included is with Bad Religion's Greg Graffin. Rancid, Dystopia and Hopeless Records' Louis Posen are also questioned. There is the mini zine, *Roachclip* published within and a Long Island scene report. Nicely put together.
$2, P.O. Box 236, Nesconset, NY 11767 • RBlackUTV@aol.com

Subscriptions • Back Issues

Back issues are $3.00ppd. in the US ($4.00 elsewhere). Subscriptions to Stain are $13ppd. ($16 outside U.S.) for four quarterly issues.

Issue 15
Our good buddy, Luc painted this issue's cover, wherein we interview **Hasil Adkins**, **Princess Superstar** and **Hanzel Und Gretyl**. Chuck Meehan offers an essay about a close encounter with **Gary Heidnik**. Joseph Gervesi gives cyber critics what's good for them, and Whiskey Rebel recounts his band's West Coast mini tour. Mike Walsh delivers a tale of living in white trash South Philly that is funny, and sad, at the same time. Of course there are the regular submissions from Mitch Landsman and Frank J. Bell who have collaborated with us since the beginning.

Issue 14
Wow, three consecutive full color covers and we're not bankrupt. It looks like we'll be able to manage it from here on out. Mitchell Landsman painted this one. There are extensive interviews with Michael Bruce of/on **The Alice Cooper Group** and Dr. Frank of **The Mr.T Experience.** Additional interviews include James Ellroy, **The Photon Band** and **Undergirl**. There's also lots of raging from Mr. Bell and comix by Mitch and Liz Fiend (one of Liz's pages has recently been considered 'contraband' by a CA State prison—couldn't have had anything to do with her depictions of cops/guards).

Issue 13
Full color cover art by Bryan Willette. Read Chuck Meehan's "Mumia Abu—So What"; a look at socialism and **F.O.D.** in Europe. Find out where **R.U.I.N., ANTiSEEN** and **Soundgarden** were spotted last and read numerous essays on the theme of luck/unluck.

Issue 12
Full color Brodzik wrap-around cover. A five page interview with The Church of the SubGenius' Reverend Ivan Stang, coverage of a failed Stain benefit picnic and an interview with the fabulous **Red Aunts.** Lots of religious/antireligious opinions and an essay on racism provoked by the lyrics of **Vaginal Jesus**.

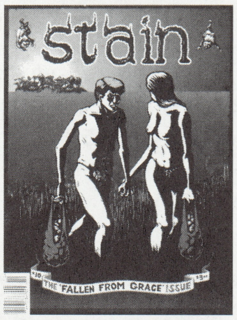
Issue 11
The covers of #11 are hand silkscreened with toxic outdoor sign inks for durability. These were designed and produced by Wayne Hamilton. Hamilton's band, **Suffacox** are featured on the free flexi. We interviewed **Elvis "King of Dung & Swedes,"** Frank mourns, Debbie & Danté reflect and Ed Wilcox displays the first half of his new 12-page comic. Literally, bagged with extras...

Issue 10
Boy did we complain. If you like hunting and hate people, this was the issue for you. Debbie broke everyone's heart. Mitchell did another tremendous cover, and we didn't print nearly enough of these. Actually we just had like 20 returned. This previously out-of-print issue is temporarily available again.

Issue 9
A Rez cover saluting the grand ol' E.C. Horror comix. The focus is definitely on Philadelphia personalities this time. Joe Gervasi contributes an excellent essay researching the "guido." Joe Ujj interviews **The Grifters** and Ed Wilcox interviews "the living legend" **Mikey Wild.** Few left.

stain
Issue 13
Good Luck
Bad Luck
F.O.D.
European tour
ANTiSEEN
SOUNDGARDEN
THE SWEET
Voodoo
RUIN
3.00 US, 4.50 CANADA

#11
$3.00
stain
PRIMITIVE FRIENDS



STAIN
FANZINE
#9
$3
CITY OF ZOMBIE LOVE

Issue 8
Mitch Landsman & Bryan Willette collaborate on a linoleum block cut design printed on metallic gold stock to wrap this issue. Inside, Frank laments the passing of actor, Alan Palo, The Ringleader infiltrates the ECW, we interview **Congo Norvell,** Ed Wilcox and Neil Hagerty. Plus a free flexi featuring Willette's **Hoist**, Landsman's **Estrogen Surge** and **The Standy-Pol Trio**. You'll like.

Issue 7
Mr. Mike Diana on the cover this time—three garish colors! Debbie chats with **Caterpillar**, Steve sits in on a press conference with John Waters, we reassess Manson's guilt, Frank bums out on shitty literature and Fred Olen Ray offers a fitting tribute to the late B-movie star, Cameron Mitchell.

Issue 6
Cover by our beloved Mitchell Landsman. We speak to **Killdozer, Derelict Hotel, Rodan,** Elliott Levin and Charles Burns. The Toybox column features Aurora monster model kits, and Frank Bell blasts lawyers. You'll want it for the Bonus Brodzik Pin-Up alone!

Issue 5
Three-color Brodzik cover with a free flexi-disc of music by **Temple of Bon Matin** and **Genghis Khan Experience.** Features on Chris Thompson, **God & Texas, Genitorturers, Therapy?** and Greg Weber.

Issue 4
We bid good-bye to our Jap-robot theme this time, as we feature the art of the great Al Frank on the cover of this 32-pager. Interviews with **Alice Donut** and **Richard Hell.** Live reviews and photos of **Royal Trux** and **Monster Magnet,** and Frank defends his favorite pastime.

Issue 3
A beauty—our first glossy cover. Inside read about Ultraman, **Lungfish, ZuZu's Petals,** The art of Luc Esterson and more wrestling, comix, opinion and hatred than ever before. Very few left.

Issue 2
Bright yellow, green and red "Goldar" cover. Inside there are features on Space Giants and **Monster Magnet.** Frank Bell fills us in on romance in the 90's and Chris Repholz trashes the Grammys. We also bid farewell to Andre the Giant and Texas Tornado.

Premier Issue - *Out of print*
The issue that started it all. If you missed this one, you've missed this one. A very limited printing of 200 with hand silk-screened covers are gone forever. Johnny Sokko, **Tsunami**, Comix and more.

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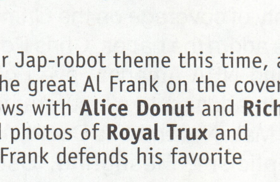
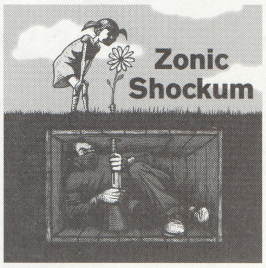


Website: http://www.weblinc.com/stain

Stain Music

ZONIC
SHOCKUM

ZONIC SHOCKUM
Alley Hunter/The Ugly Pear 7"
A brand new single debuting the band's current line-up. "Alley Hunter" is an epic pop tune, where as "The Ugly Pear" is more weird, experimental and tape-samply. A combination ZONIC has been using on singles for years.

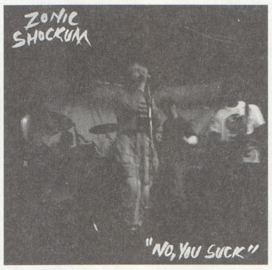


ZONIC SHOCKUM
Self-titled cd
This is ZONIC SHOCKUM's debut full-length release after five singles, a Grass Records compilation track and a few other endeavors. After countless lo-fi/low-budget recording sessions, they've narrowed it down to thirteen distinctively stylish songs to show just how far they can go.

ZONIC
SHOCKUM

ZONIC SHOCKUM
Between the 6s/Lugy 7"
The fourth single by this Philadelphia quartet. Two fast tracks that will make you squirm. Recorded at the Frizz during the paralyzing height of the ice storm of '94.

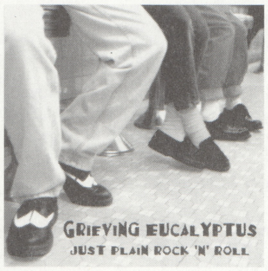
GENGHIS KHAN EXPERIENCE
Glutton 7"
Debut vinyl from these noise-monsters. Three pounding, screaming, gut-wrenching hunks of disgust—all for you! Every package is unique. Hand-stuffed with trading cards, stickers, information, personal photos, or anything else they could find. (Pot-luck only.) On cheerful red vinyl. Don't resist.



ZONIC SHOCKUM
No, You Suck/Lollipop/Bullet 7"
3 songs from ZS. "No, You Suck" is stop-and-go stuff w/ lotsa changes—just the way you like it! "Lollipop" is Debbie at her loud and lung-ee best. Also, a cover of the MISFITS' "Bullet"—so fast, George would cry. On burgundy vinyl. "I got so mad I wung the fucker across the room, scaring the hell out of my otherwise sedate cat"
-Your Flesh

BLADDER CONTROL
"ELECTROCARNIVOROUS"

BLADDER CONTROL
Electrocarnivorous 7" ep
A one-man electro-industrial horror show. This gruesome release features a fast, driving cover of Black Sabbath's "Warning" + 3 others. Add samples from *The Love Boat*, public access TV and someone's toilet + drum machines, tape loops & creepy distorted vocals, and this one can't be missed. Limited to 700.



GRIEVING EUCALYPTUS
Just Plain Rock-n-Roll cd
Now available through Stain is the debut full-length release by this three-piece from rural PA. This was released on the F.O.E. label. In the vein of THE HOLLYS and 7SECONDS, GRIEVING EUCALYPTUS have been touring and releasing singles for a few years now. Boy/girl vocals and hard bashing drum beats keep every track alive!

RANCID VAT
BLOBS HAVE MORE FUN

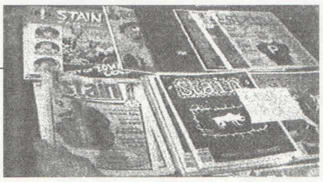
RANCID VAT
Blobs Have More Fun 7"
The brand new single from Philly's hard rockin' big mouths. Their new "Blobs Have More Fun" on the A-side, a cover of Captain Don Leslie's "Tattoo Boogie" on the B-side. That's Cosmo's old man on the cover. Cosmic Commander also adds liner notes inside to give you an idea what kind of a hell raiser his pop was. Brilliancy Prize Records

RANCID VAT
LIVE!!
Radio Rampage

RANCID VAT
Radio Rampage cd
Recorded live in 1996 from an East Orange, NJ radio show, this one was also released on Brilliancy Prize records. These crazy, drunken neighbors of ours put on one fuck of a show. If you don't believe me, just listen for yourself. Hear the entire broadcast—unedited!

7" records and back issues are $3.00ppd. in the US ($4 elsewhere)
CDs are $9ppd. ($11 outside U.S.) • T-shirts are $10ppd. ($12 outside U.S.)
Subscriptions (w/ free cd!) to Stain are $13ppd. ($16 outside U.S.) for four quarterly issues.

Stain Fanzine/Music
P.O. Box 2501, Philadelphia, PA 19147-2501



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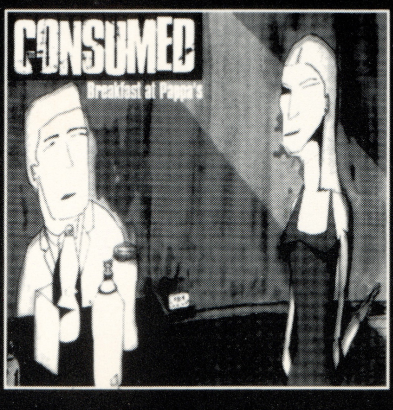
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